Saturday Review

JUNE 22, 1957 / 25¢

HOW HUMAN ARE ANIMALS?

By Max Eastman

UNCLE SAM BEFRIENDS THE LIBRARY: SR's *Annual Library Survey*

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S CALL TO ARMS *by Theodore H. White*

Marjorie Housepian, author of "A Houseful of Love." *(See page 16)*

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Whatever the duty of the librarian may have been in a different world and a more peaceful generation, his duty now is to defend – to say, to fight, and to defend. No one else–neither those who make the books nor those who undertake to teach them – is bound as he is bound to fight in their behalf, for no one else is charged as he is charged with their protection. No one as much as he must say, and say again, and still insist that the tradition of the written word is whole and single and entire and cannot be dismembered. No one is under obligation as he is under obligation to meet the mutilators of the word, the preachers of obscurantism, the suppressors – those who would cut off here and ink out there the texts their prejudices or their parties or their churches or their fears find hateful.

Archibald MacLeish, *A Time to Speak* (1940)

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A well-stocked library should be readily accessible to every child, as well as to every adult. Librarians, trained to help children along the path to mature citizenhood, perform a function vital to us all; they deserve our interest, encouragement and support.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is offered by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. as a tribute to the American Library Association which this week is holding its annual meeting in Kansas City, Mo. We urge that you regularly visit your Library for the books you want to borrow and your Bookseller for the books you want to keep.

The Saturday Review

JUNE, 22, 1957

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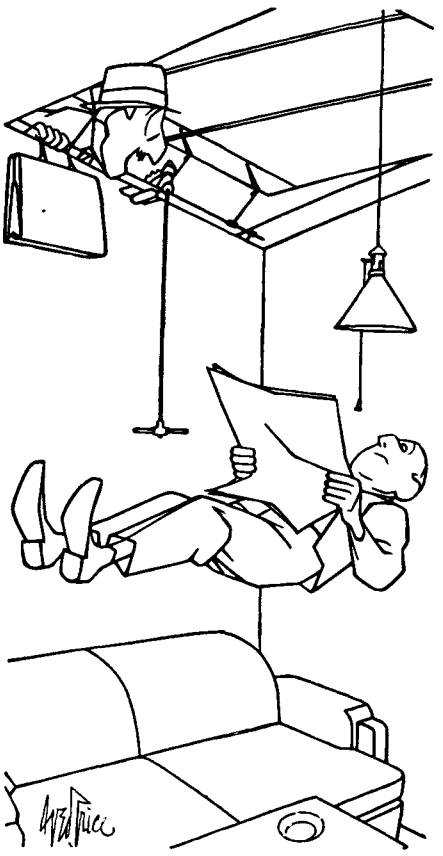

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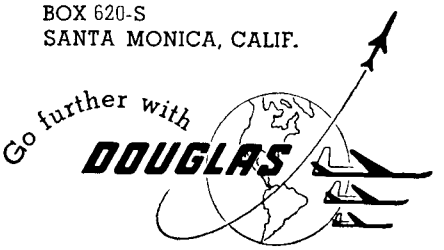

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TRADE Winds

IN QUOTES: ▶ Sign posted in the editorial rooms of a Dallas newspaper: "Write like you talk."
▶ Comment overheard in the lobby of "My Fair Lady": "It's okay—but it's not as good as the album."
▶ Astronomer, asked by the press about flying saucers: "No comet." (More about UFO's below.)
▶ A member of the Davis Cup team swears he heard this announcement over the loud speaker at an Italian airport: "Venice, anyone?"
▶ A recent visitor to Scotland claims that he noticed a towel on a family towel rack labeled: "Theirs."
▶ Unreliable comment on a thrice-married philosophy professor: "He put divorce before Descartes."
▶ The revised edition of Aaron Copland's "What to Listen for in Music," fresh with two new chapters and additions, reminds us of the harp player who was stuck for two days between floors in an elevator, his face wedged tightly behind the strings of his harp.

All they could feed him were sliced hard-boiled eggs.

▶ An author well along in years reports on his advancing age: "Whenever I went on trips my wife used to

say, 'Be careful what you do.' Now she says, 'Be careful what you eat.'"
▶ Fred Freed, of CBS, reports on a neurotic author: "As soon as he got successful, his money went to his head —doctor."
▶ Unlikely Cocktail Room report from John Marshall of Belmont, Massachusetts: "In nearby Danvers, the Allanhurst Restaurant has three rooms, only two of which serve meals. One's called 'The Greenleaf.' Another, 'The Whittier.' You can guess the third!"

AMERICA'S ANSWER TO FRANCOISE SAGAN is reported to be Amanda Vail's new novel "Love Me Little" (McGraw-Hill). A picture of a refreshingly-sultry and appealing young lady adorns the back of the jacket, but it is being noised about in publishing circles that there is no such person as Amanda Vail. The authorship has been attributed by some to Kay Boyle's daughter, but we have learned from unimpeachable sources that this is not the case.

Whoever the author is, we feel that the book is a charming and engaging novel in its own right.

SOME TIME AGO WE visited one of the most unusual libraries in America. It has some 40,000 volumes, carefully stacked and catalogued, but it is kept under lock and key twenty-four hours a day. The general public is never admitted. The books are concerned with one subject: sex.

The library is part of the Institute for Sex Research, founded by the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey. The staff is carrying on Dr. Kinsey's work and is being subjected, as was the doctor himself, to severe criticism and denunciation. The President and the Trustees of Indiana University continue to defend the Institute against attack. Dr. Kinsey had persuaded them that more information was needed about an aspect of human life that is far more important than many other research projects being undertaken.

It would be hard to picture a more sedate person than Dr. Kinsey. He was a strong family man with a highly developed sense of community obligation. But he also had a mission to rescue knowledge of sex from the Dark Ages, and put it on a level with other medical and psychiatric research.

Not long before he died we visited his home, sat with him, his wife, and a group of colleagues as he guided and listened to a program of classical music played on an unbelievably rich high-fidelity system which was his special love. He lived modestly and unpretentiously in Bloomington in a house just off the campus.

Oddly enough, it is the library at the Institute for Sex Research which draws some of the loudest reproofs. Shipments of books and material have been stopped and delayed *en route* to the library on the charge that they were salacious—without the least understanding of the scientific purpose for which the material was to be put. Threats have been made from time to time to invoke archaic regulations and ordinances against the very existence of the library. One of the main targets of critics is the large section in the collection dealing with pornog-

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raphy. We were astounded by the size of this special section. Dr. Kinsey informed us that it was only the second finest collection of its kind in the world. The number-one collection was in the library of the Vatican.

BETH DAY, author of the recently-published "Glacier Pilot" (Henry Holt), informs us that Bob Reeves, Alaskan pilot and subject of the book, fulfilled an autograph request in air-age style at Idlewild Airport recently. An aviation enthusiast wanted Reeves's autograph on a copy of the "Glacier Pilot." Not a copy was available at the airport—but a helicopter pilot agreed to pick one up from a Brentano's messenger in Manhattan. The whirlybird made it back to the airport in time, just before Reeves's plane took off.

WE ALMOST WISH WE hadn't gotten around to reading Edward J. Ruppelt's book "The *Report on* Unidentified

Flying Objects" (Doubleday). Ruppelt was the officer in charge of the official Air Force Project *Blue Book*. His own book is to us the most sober and authoritative of the many books on the subject of unidentified flying objects.

We talked with Ruppelt directly. He is convinced that UFO's are real but that only time will tell what they are. Then we went to the Air Force PIO office in Manhattan, chatted briefly with congenial Captain Dick Spaulding, who allowed us to go through the Project *Blue Book* itself, since it is no longer classified. We examined the statistical pages and endless charts of this 316-page report. The book is monotonous and factual, but this is its principal value. It reports that in one recent year 16 per cent of the reports were balloons; 20 per cent were other aircraft; 25 per cent were astronomical sightings; 13 per cent were "other"; 17 per cent contained insufficient information; *but 9 per cent were definitely established as unidentified flying objects.* Beyond that was another interesting fact: among the sightings reported by *experts* (pilots, scientists, photographers, radar men, etc.) *33.3 per cent were established as UFO's.*

Then we spoke to some of the pilots who had seen genuine UFO's. Two of them work for one of the country's leading airlines. They told of a near-

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collision with a fiery cigar-shaped object (no wings) in their DC-3 over Montgomery, Alabama. "We don't know what it was, but it came at us from a thundercloud formation at incredible speed, and almost hit us. It was about the size of a B-29 fusilage, with square portholes through which a bluish flame was plainly visible. A tail of red flame of about fifty feet shot out behind it. It was real, sir. There is no question about that."

A baseball manager in Montana told us: "I managed to take clear black-and-white motion pictures in broad daylight of a silvery disc hovering right overhead—and gave the film to the Air Force. They returned most of the footage. The best part, showing a spinning metallic surface, was missing, and they said the Pentagon lost it."

An ex-Marine now in Ohio told us: "I took a hundred feet of film in Miami of a bright silvery disc, gave it to the Air Force—which later claimed the Pentagon had lost it. This is no fake—I never believed this stuff until then."

And so the story goes. We agree with Ruppelt. Only time will tell—we hope.

A NEOPHYTE COPY-EDITOR in a large advertising agency, it is told, was slowly

going out of his mind because his copy chief was constantly taking a small slip of paper from his breast pocket, looking at it, leering, then putting it back. After watching this for months he managed one day, when the copy chief was taking a nap, to steal the secret paper from the jacket in back of the chief's chair. He opened the slip of paper with trembling hands. It read: "*I* before *E*, except after *C*."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1212)

ART BUCHWALD:
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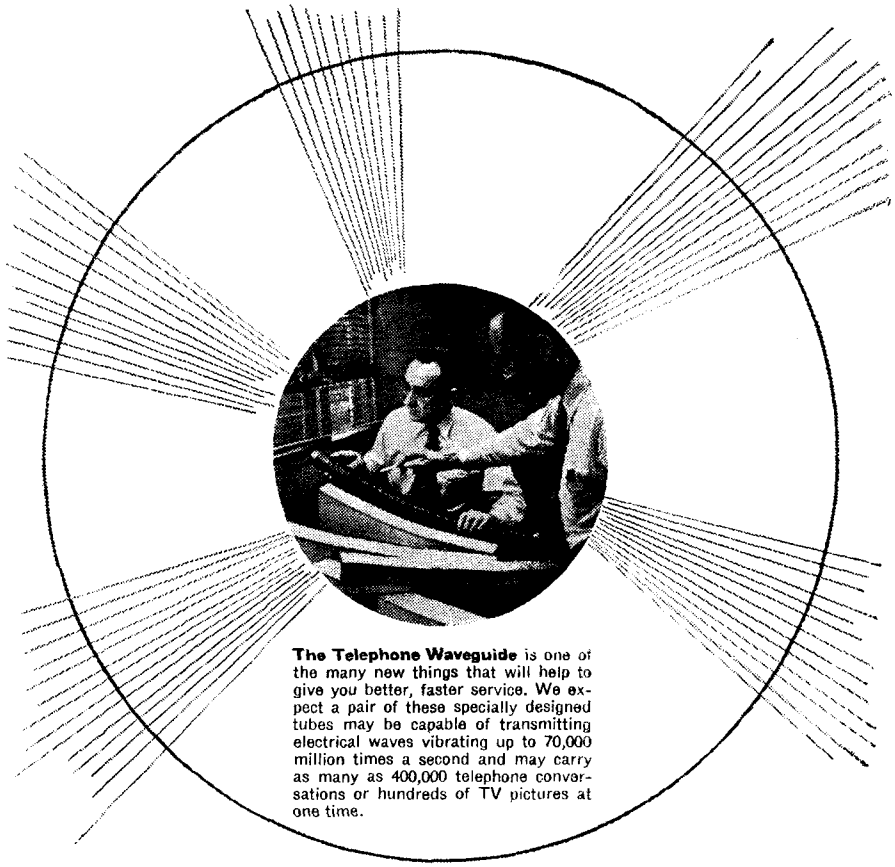
The law of the jungle reads that under all conditions an elephant has the right of way, and in the few recorded cases where the driver and the elephant have both lost their tempers, the elephant has always come out on top.



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Recent major developments in new and improved service give promise of much future growth.

The inauguration of service on the underseas telephone cables to Great Britain and to Alaska has already brought large increases in traffic. Another cable system is under construction from the United States to Hawaii.

The coming years will also see a great increase in the use of Bell System lines for data transmission. Still another new and growing field is the transmission of special TV programs over closed circuits to theaters, hospitals, branch offices, etc.

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The Saturday Review
JUNE 22, 1957

HOW HUMAN ARE ANIMALS?

Adventures in the Kinship of Life

By MAX EASTMAN

HARDLY a week goes by that the daily paper does not contain one or more stories—true or allegedly true—about fabulous feats which animals have performed. I have admired my animal neighbors all my life, but I confess that I find many of these stories a little too fabulous, others too sentimental, to chime with my feelings. I do not want animals to be supernatural: I want them to be natural. I am not half so much interested in tales of the intellectual prowess or moral heroism of some individual dog, or cat, or elephant, as in learning about those traits of animals in general which are similar to ours and give us a sense of the kinship of all life.

Take the giving of gifts and love-tokens, for example. According to Edward A. Armstrong, author of "The Way Birds Live," even the custom of "saying it with flowers" is to be found among certain lovelorn birds and insects. The male empid fly wraps up his gift, which may be a bit of food or perhaps a flower-petal, in a web of fine silk which he weaves with his front feet, and presents it to his bride. "Starlings," says Professor Armstrong, "carry flowers into their nesting hole when the female is on the nest. A herring gull will pick up a shell or pluck a sea-pink and lay it before the brooding mate so courteously that you can almost hear him saying: 'My dear, you can never realize how devoted I am to you.'"

Other birds come so near to being human that they express their sentimental emotions by talking baby talk. I cannot endorse this cute trick in either species. But according to Konrad Lorenz, outstanding naturalist and author of "King Solomon's Ring": "Every delicacy that the male jackdaw finds is given to the bride, and she accepts it with the plaintive begging gestures and notes otherwise typical of baby-birds. . . . The love whispers of the couple consist chiefly of infantile sounds."

A more dignified example of similarity between human and animals is the ceremony of betrothal. Long engagements always seemed to me a peculiarly unbiological affliction that man in a state of puritanical supercivilization has imposed upon himself. Among English robins, I learn from Professor Armstrong, extended engagements are an all but inflexible rule. They pair up with much excitement in late December or January, but do not mate or start housekeeping until the end of March. Indeed, nearly all birds that marry for life are betrothed before they are married. Among the jackdaws and wild geese, according to Dr. Lorenz, the betrothal occurs in the spring following their birth, although neither species becomes sexually mature until twelve months later.

Another social custom commonly regarded as peculiarly human—and human indeed only since Adam's fall—is the division of society into castes, or classes, with the special privilege, the oppression, the cruelty, vainglory, and snobbery that go with it. You can see it in your own henyard, if you have one; here a definite social hierarchy, or "pecking order," is always established. Every bird has a wholesome fear of those above her in rank, and will know which ones are below and must show respect to her. It is not always by tests of strength that this order is established. Energy, nerve, and self-assurance—above all, I think, self-assurance—count, too.

I USED to observe the same phenomena among my pigeons when I was a boy. One would get what I called "the psychological drop" on the others, and a rival had to have something more than physical prowess to displace him. And just as among men, this hierarchy of prestige is prone to culminate in dictatorship.

An equally human aspect of this ladder of prestige in a jackdaw colony

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is the snobbery it entails. To illustrate this, Dr. Lorenz describes how a jackdaw of high rank fell in love with a young female among the lower orders and within two days became "publicly engaged to her." The news spread rapidly. Within another two days the entire colony knew that this little low-class upstart, whom 80 per cent of them had been maltreating, was now "the wife of the President," and could no longer receive a black look from anybody. She knew it too, and made the fullest use of it. "She lacked entirely," he mourns, "that noble or even blasé tolerance which jackdaws of high rank should exhibit toward their inferiors. She used every opportunity to snub former superiors. In short, she conducted herself with the utmost vulgarity."

THE union of sex-passion with tender love is usually regarded as distinctively human. Yet here there are things we may learn from the jungle, or even from the deeps of the ocean, that are not taught in schools.

Dr. Lorenz's description, with delicate illustrations by his own hand, of the love dance of the "fighting fish" will show what might be done. The story begins with the male, who gets excited, not about love, but about building a nest and having some children. The nest is a little pile of air bubbles stuck fast together and floating like a tiny castle, partly above the water. Until this nest, or cradle, is ready he hardly gives a thought to the notion of a mother. But he begins to glow with the most gorgeous colors, and when a female approaches these colors light up and become iridescent.

Of a sudden he darts toward her and hovers there, glowing before her eyes. If she is acquiescent, she also begins to glow a little, though more modestly, showing only a pattern of light grey stripes on a brown background. She folds her fins closely and swims toward him, and he, trembling with excitement and expanding his fins to the breaking point, turns sideways so as to rake her with a veritable broadside of dazzling colors. Then he swims off in the direction of the nest with a "sweeping, gracefully sinuous movement," beckoning and begging her to follow him, which she does timidly and coyly.

When at last they are directly under the nest, there follows a love-play which "resembles in delicate grace a minuet, but in general style the trance dance of a Balinese temple dancer. In this love dance, by age-old law, the male must always exhibit his magnificent broadside to his partner, but the female must remain constantly at right angles to him. . . . Since the male will not now leave the nest, he moves in circles round the female and she follows his every movement by keeping her head always turned towards him; the love-dance is thus executed in a small circle, exactly under the middle of the nest. Now the colors become more glowing, more frantic the movements, ever smaller the circles, until the bodies touch. Then, suddenly, the male slings his body tightly round the female, gently turns her on her back and, quivering, both fulfil the great act of reproduction." In short, we learn that the way of all fish can be as passionate as the way of all flesh.

Dr. Lorenz warns us against the sentimental notion that animals are "better" or "worse" in a moral sense than men. Moral judgments, he insists, are irrelevant where life is instinctive. This enables him to describe the all-too-human sins of animals with a relish he does not always accord to their virtues. He relates with a fervor worthy of Balzac the sad long tale of the alienation of a jackdaw husband's tender affections by a determined female. Swans, he reminds us, are monogamous, and by hypothesis faithful to their mates for life; but then he gives us the low-down on an old male swan who "furiously expelled a strange female who came close to the nest where his wife was sitting and made him proposals of love. But on the very same day he was seen to meet this new female on the other side of the lake, and succumb to her charms without more ado."

Dr. Lorenz is disposed to find in all or nearly all of what we call "human weaknesses," a "pre-human factor." He admits quite frankly, for instance, that his favorite dog, Bully, was an accomplished "liar." Bully would always run out to meet him with exuberant affection at the front gate, but he would also run out there to bark savagely at strangers. In old age Bully's eyesight grew dim, and one day when the wind was blowing the scent in the opposite direction recognition failed and he barked fiercely at his master. When he got near enough to perceive his mistake, he stopped short for a second, then rushed past him, through the gate, and across the road, where he pretended to be barking at a neighbor's dog who was not there. We should call that a *white* lie, I am sure, but it was certainly not the soul of candor.

Cats, too, are exceedingly vain of their poise and dignity, and if by some chance—perhaps a slippery floor when they are in a hurry—they lose their equilibrium and take a sideways slide, you will see them turn instantly to examine some place or object in the new direction, giving a careful smell to each detail of it, as though that had been their intention from the beginning.

"Women and children first" is a precept of chivalry not invariably lived up to by the human race. But among dogs it is an instinct that can be relied on absolutely. The most ferocious war-dog, though spending his whole time terrorizing a neighborhood of canine males, will never touch a young puppy or a female. If by chance a neurotic old spinster-bitch should attack him, he will be completely nonplussed. His pride prevents him from running away, but he cannot bring himself to give battle. And so he just stands or dances around, bewildered, shifting from foot to foot like an embarrassed schoolboy.

"Magnanimity to the vanquished" is another high standard of conduct adhered to on occasion by civilized man. Born of knight-errantry, it actually prevailed only in European civilization, there only a few hundred years—and it is gone now. Among wolves it is a law they *cannot* break

(*Continued on page* 39)

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REFLECTIONS ON SEA AND SPACE

—Painting by Chesley Bonestell, from "The Conquest of Space" (Viking).

The Moon, as it will look from a space-ship 4,500 miles from its surface.

By PETER RITNER

ONE of the recent salvos of the Paperback Revolution, which makes every American a king so far as his personal library is concerned, is a reprint of Admiral Mahan's famous old book on *Realpolitik*, "The Influence of Seapower Upon History, 1660-1783" (Sagamore Press, $1.95). Mahan picked the eighteenth century for his text because it was in these decades that Europe's two greatest powers made the decisions and fought the battles which illustrate his thesis, that control of the sea must prevail over control of the land. England, faced with the choice between maintaining an army or a navy, chose the navy; she economized on the size and frequency of her military interventions on the continent, and rode in her "wooden walls" to incomparable wealth and empire. France, confronted with the same choice, chose the army; she permitted her seamen's skills to rust and her ships to rot in their berths, and throughout the period suffered the humiliation of weighing less and less in the affairs of Europe until the Revolution extinguished the old France altogether.

Even when Mahan wrote his masterpiece (1890) he had to remind himself that to the days of steam most of the lessons learned in centuries of sail no longer applied. How much more profoundly must we qualify today, when a theorist like Sir John Slessor declares that Mach-2 aircraft and small-scale atomic warheads render useless any kind of navy, aircraft carriers as well as battleships, or when perhaps even deeper thinkers declare that war itself is useless, in the sense that neither combatants nor countries will survive the next war to honor the victor. These points are well-taken; only a fool would pretend that Mahan's prescription of fleets of dreadnaughts and statecrafts of far-scattered coaling-stations and dependent sheikhdoms bears any relation to modern necessity. But when the Admiral commences to reflect on the internal, psychological effects of England's decision to command the seas he rubs up against a very modern issue indeed. For mankind, in 1957, stands on the brink of an adventure compared to which all the world's seas in 1660 were but a puddle, and to succeed in which we will need an inspiration and discipline fully matching the finest days of the Royal Navy. I refer, of course, to the conquest of space.

The Saturday Review has never published an article on space-travel that did not evoke a dozen or so letters of indignation. Many of these are of the "It can't be done" variety. But more serious objections come from people who believe in their hearts that we *should* not strive to enter space, that we have more important things to do than getting to the Moon, that since we can't handle the "progress" we already have we err in inviting the dangerous consequences of more "progress." Given the complex, exhausting political and social obligations of our age, which at least do possess the merit of being Earth-size, why in the name of fair reason should any of us elect to take on the enormously costly project of reaching that worthless mote, our Moon?

Admiral Mahan notes that Frenchmen asked themselves why they shouldn't stay at home in 1660, and he was concerned over the similarity between that French spirit and the spirit of the comfortable middle-class America of his own time. Like America, France was notorious for her wealth. She was, and is, probably entirely self-sufficient. Like America, France had long frontiers, but (in 1660) weak neighbors. Like America, France also possessed a long sea-frontier which she mainly ignored; like us, she permitted the principal part of her overseas trade to be carried in foreign bottoms and, as we have remarked, she pampered an immense army at the expense of an adequate marine. Mahan concludes that France's decline was the direct result of this complacent and unstrategic policy of France's kings, and he warns against an American repetition of their mistakes. He preaches a powerful navy, which of course does not answer to the needs of our modern security. But his lecture on complacency is still relevant.

WE AMERICANS must realize that history never affords time for consolidation or leisure. So far as humanity is concerned, time is what history is shortest of. Innumerable rulers, often at the height of triumph and glory, have fallen into the trap: "Just let me rest for a while inside my fortress," such a ruler seems to say to himself, "relaxing with my people on the fruits of our victories and good fortune, and then, perhaps, when we are fully refreshed, we shall take the field again." Before he knows it this leader, or his unfortunate successor, is assaulted by weapons he never dreamed of, in the hands of soldiers he always had thought of as helpless tribesmen. And if he is just soft enough, or surprised enough, he is overcome and destroyed.

Only the rich, victorious state thinks it can afford smugness and repose, and riches and victories constitute a fierce temptation to jealousy and cupidity, as fertile mothers of invention as necessity ever was. No one will ever love America for our success or our money or our "goodness." We will be respected, not to say liked, only so long as we pioneer, physically and politically, in the name of the whole race of man. That our own country swarms with jobs

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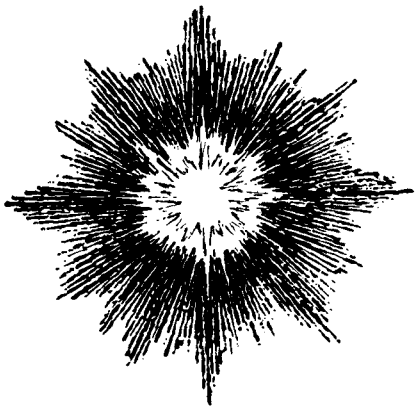

that cry out to be taken in hand right here, right now, is self-evident. But they must be done on the move, for if we halt for long we shall lose both the power to move and the power to do the work we stopped for.

Furthermore, progress (by which I mean technological progress only) often contributes directly to settling problems. It has, in the language of the law, the power to make them moot—so to alter their terms and significance that to solve them is no longer worth anyone's while. Consider the change which must come over our Middle-Eastern policy when large-scale atomic reactors have assumed the burdens of society. Oil will then be required only for lubrication, and we possess a more-than-adequate supply for that purpose right here at home. I do not say that ceasing to need Islam's oil will free us of Islam's complaints; I only remark the obvious, that when this day comes our policy—whatever it be—must be based on entirely new premises, to meet entirely new ends.

TO GET back to the prospects of space-travel, consider how changed our relations with the Asians and Africans must become when they have the opportunity to emigrate to the planets. Not that every Asian, or even a majority of Asians, will choose to make the trip, but it is the opportunity, the choice, that counts in men's hearts. Not that conditions on the planets will be utopian, or even gracious, but a hardy, hard-pressed people will certainly prefer them to the hideous slums of Calcutta and Johannesburg, just as our American forbears preferred indentures and Sioux arrows to the hideous slums of Manchester and Rome. No Point Four program, no annual subsidy, no export of food at famine-time will be able to compete with this promise of real adventure, real achievement, and real dignity, no matter how strenuous the terms of the contract.

For, and here is the crux of the matter, no man will live without hope. He will kill himself if he is pressed too hard, he will goosestep to murder and ruin under a lunatic, he will meekly permit his family to be herded onto a collective farm, he will genuflect before an endless parade of follies dressed up as ideals, but he will not live without hope. The stars are man's hope. No informed man alive does not acknowledge that it is only a matter of time before men set foot on the Moon. And from the Moon to Mars and Venus is a small matter. Nothing can stop the development. We know we are close to it. Already the great nations of the world are working for it day and night.

But how are they working for it? The *wrong* way. Instead of opening man's destiny to the imaginations of everyone, instead of establishing schools and professorships to train and stimulate these imaginations, instead of dispatching ambassadors to the rest of the world to ask its advice and participation, and to invite it to general conferences—instead, in a word, of pleasuring the just and passionate appetites of men for hope, if not for themselves, then for their children or grandchildren—the governments of the big nations have been entirely transfixed by the military potentialities of the space-frontier.

The space-station, a feat equalled in importance only by the Agricultural Revolution, is being entirely dominated in America by the Department of Defense. Although, for the benefit of the International Geophysical Year, a certain amount of publicity has been permitted to seep out about the satellite, the station's precursor, the black fog of "security" obscures all the main parts of the space-conquest program. This fog is especially black over the area of research on the rockets which must power the components of the space-station into an orbit and take men up for their assembly. We do know, in fact, that there are serious disputes within the Defense Department itself about the progress of rocket research, in at least one case leading to a court-martial. And what the Department itself thinks about its duties is vitally important to our argument here, for it may be that the type of rocket to be used to construct the space-station will not be at all suitable for a missile, and *vice-versa*. But, as the situation now stands, those who have charge of the money America is spending on rocket-research are not allowed to be primarily interested in the space-station. Those scientists who are primarily interested in the space-station are not hired for the rocket-program, at least to do what they want to do. Detailed public debate about the program by scientists not employed by the Government is impossible, because they don't have the facts. Public debate by Government scientists is impossible, because of their career commitments. Here we meet that old question, "Who watches the watchers?"—a question that the check-and-balance system, and the Constitutional freedoms of press and speech, were designed by the Founders to forestall.

INDEED, one cannot suppress the feeling that the whole rocket-space program is regarded in high places only as the logical extension of the strategy of area-bombing and observation worked out after World War II. On May 29 *The New York Times* immediately followed the report of a news-conference by Rear-Admiral Rawson Bennett, which (as the *Times* put it) "stripped away some of the secrecy surrounding the satellite project," with the report of Representative James T. Patterson of Connecticut that the Air Forces' first intercontinental ballistics missile is now ready to be launched from Patrick Air Force Base in Florida, the same site used for trials of the satellite. The impression is irresistible that, though the Government's planners have no objections to whatever astronomical curiosities or Moon-jaunts may result from their investment, what they are really after is a perfect missile. In other words, they are trying to restore the perspectives of the past by fettering to present-day politics a weapon from the future, although we learned at Dienbienphu how difficult, if not unthinkable, it is to employ a "modern" weapon—in that case, the atomic bomb—to pursue an old-fashioned political objective. Our politics are Earth-size, and largely relics of the nineteenth-century. Our instrumentalities are of interplanetary dimension—and tokens of the future when man will range over the Solar System as effortlessly as he now sails on the Atlantic Ocean. Is any sane man actually thinking in terms of employing missiles from space—armed with thermonuclear warheads—to settle political disputes on Earth? Is any sane man actually thinking of extrapolating these disputes beyond Earth's skin, and waging political wars on battlefields of space and stars?

Admiral Mahan was neither the first nor the last philosopher to realize that new rules make a new game. We Americans are playing today with new cards and for new stakes. Only a generation of gamblers and pioneers—such as we must again become—can hope to enjoy the game. Or win it.

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A bookmobile makes a stop in Prince George's County, Maryland.

THE LIBRARY IN '57

NEXT week more than 3,500 librarians from public and private libraries in cities and towns in all sections of the country will be meeting at Kansas City, Mo., for the seventy-sixth annual conference of the American Library Association, June 23 to 29.

These men and women, whose profession is so essential to the cultural welfare of the country, can look back upon an extraordinary year, one marked by great gains and filled with even greater opportunities for the future. John T. Eastlick, librarian of the Public Library at Denver, Col., and president of the Public Libraries Division of the ALA, tells what some of these accomplishments and projects are in a survey on page 15.

Almost precisely a year ago an event of incalculable importance for the future of the library and indeed the educational future of this country took place. On June 19, 1956 President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed the Library Services Act—legislation designed to promote the development of public library services in rural areas lacking adequate services. At the time, according to testimony presented to Congress, 27,000,000 children and adults in the United States had no access to books through a local public library, and 53,000,000 more had only very inadequate public library service. The act authorizes an appropriation of $7,500,000 a year for a five-year period, and it is hoped that Congress will grant these funds in full. Through the Office of Education's Library Services Branch, these funds are being allocated to state library agencies on a matching fund basis. The record of the first year of this program and the prospects for the future are discussed in the articles on this and the following pages.

The Citizens of Shuqualak and the

Library Board of Trustees

most cordially invite you to join them

in the

FORMAL OPENING AND DEDICATION

of the

SHUQUALAK PUBLIC LIBRARY

and to share with them their joy and pride

in having public library service

in their community for the first time

Saturday, June first
Three-thirty o'clock
Shuqualak, Mississippi

The library comes to a small Mississippi community.

Uncle Sam Befriends The Library

By Ralph M. Dunbar, *director, and* John G. Lorenz, *associate director, Library Services Branch, U. S. Office of Education.*

PERRY COUNTY, Mississippi, (pop. 9,108) never had a public library within its borders until early this year. Now a bright bookmobile with well-selected books for children and adults makes regular stops at every place where the rural residents can easily gather. Every other Monday, for example, it stops at Easterling Hill on Highway 42, then goes on to the United Gas Station gate at Bethel Community, then to the crossroads at Indian Springs Grocery and, after several more stops, the schedule for the day ends at Pete Odom's Store at Whitfield Community. At every stop boys and girls, men and women from the farms and small towns eagerly wait for the first sight of the bookmobile. As one little boy exclaimed, "It's like having a birthday every two weeks!"

How did this come to pass in 1957 after Perry County had been a "library desert" for so many years? The answer: Perry County is Project No. 3 in Mississippi's "State Plan for the Further Extension of Public Library Service to Rural Areas" under the Federal Library Services Act.

With the funds made available to it under this act, the Mississippi Library Commission is now putting on a demonstration in Perry County of what good public library service can mean in a rural county.

This year many other "Perry Counties," all across America will enjoy the fruits of the Federal Library Services Act.

Since 90 per cent of the 27,000,000 Americans without access to local public libraries live in rural areas of the country, the act concentrates on developing book and information services for them. Although the children and adults in rural areas have the same requirements for intellectual growth as all other people, many rural towns, villages, and counties are unable to finance good library service because of sparse population and tax limitations. Increasing the tax base of public library support is one of the keys to better public library appropriations and more adequate public library service in many rural

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areas. The Library Services Act will enable the states to determine the best patterns of service to solve these problems.

For the first year, 1956-1957, Congress appropriated $2,050,000 which provided a basic grant of $40,000 to each of the states, Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, and $10,000 to the Virgin Islands. Next year Guam will also be eligible. The act provides that the balance of an appropriation above the minimum grant is to be divided among the states on the basis of their relative rural populations according to the 1950 census. Pennsylvania, Texas, and North Carolina, with large proportions of rural population, are eligible for the largest grants.

UNDER the terms of the act, every dollar of the federal grant must be matched with state or local funds, depending on the per capita income of each state. The "federal share" of the program varies from the maximum of 66 per cent in the least wealthy state to a minimum of 33 per cent in the most wealthy. State and local responsibility is firmly fixed in the law which clearly states: "This Act shall not be so construed as to interfere with State and local initiative and responsibility in the conduct of public library services. The administration of public libraries, the selection of personnel and library books and materials, and, insofar as consistent with the purposes of this Act, the determination of the best uses of the funds provided under this Act shall be reserved to the States and their local subdivisions."

Responsibility for federal administration of the Library Services Act is assigned to the U. S. Commissioner of Education under the supervision of the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. So that experience gained in one state may benefit libraries in all states, the Library Services Branch of the Office of Education has specialists in the work of all types of libraries working with the states in their library development programs, gathering information and data, and measuring results.

The state library agencies too have lost no time in developing plans for bringing good library service to their rural people. The first plans reached Washington last November; now thirty-six state plans have now been approved by the U. S. Commissioner of Education and the first-year grants to each of these states have been made. Present indications are that every state but two will be taking advantage of the Library Services Act in 1958.

The state programs are as many and as varied as the states that are participating. Most of the state library agencies are using the shortened first year to "tool up" for projects to come. Some states had no library extension programs in operation and had to start from scratch. States with existing library development programs, such as Louisiana, New York, Tennessee, and Vermont, are accelerating their pace and at the same time experimenting with improved methods, and evaluating results. All had their particular problems or requirements. South Carolina and West Virginia, for example, are undertaking to strengthen basic reference collections in local libraries so that more questions can be answered and information supplied promptly to library users. To meet the problem of getting information to remote rural families, California is considering the use of radio and television.

SOME state agencies, such as Michigan and South Dakota, are setting up branches of the state libraries in rural areas. Through multi-county and regional library demonstrations, Minnesota, Mississippi, and other states propose to bring books to areas of scattered population. Also, many more new, well-equipped bookmobiles will soon be moving along the roads.

The majority of the states plan to

Footnotes to the Library Services Act

BEFORE friends of American libraries had finished celebrating the passage of the Library Services Act last June, they realized that they had taken only the first step, since the legislation was simply an authorization *for an annual appropriation of $7,500,000 of federal funds; appropriations must be made each year for the five years of the act. So the struggle for money began.*

The librarians hoped that Congress would appropriate the full $7,500,000 for the first year (1956-1957). The Senate was agreeable, voting authorization of that sum and $140,000 for federal administration of the fund. The House, anxious to adjourn and get home, was less cooperative. A House-Senate committee reached a compromise, granting $2,050,000 for 1956-1957—a basic grant of $40,000 for each state, and $140,000 for administrative purposes. Although this was a setback at the beginning, it did allow the new program to get under way.

We are now in the throes of the appropriations battle for the program's second year. President Eisenhower's budget for 1957-1958 recommended only $3,000,000 for the Library Services Act; this was a real blow since that amount would allow little increase in the program over the first year. But in spite of the big drive now being waged for economy the House Appropriations Committee has raised the figure to $5,000,000, and the House, after a battle, has sustained the committee's recommendation.

THE appropriation is now pending in the Senate. Marion Folsom, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, has asked the Senate to hold to the $3,000,000 figure, saying that the "increase of two million would in my judgment advance this program disproportionately to many other important and needed programs." It is difficult to understand why the Secretary needs to keep his rural development program $4,500,000 below the amount authorized by Congress in order to keep the $2,500,000,000 program of his department in balance. This is especially so when you realize that most of the projects on his department's program call for far, far larger expenditures than the entire library program.

Only two states are not now participating in the program. Governor Harold W. Handley of Indiana refused to permit his state to accept federal funds for libraries because, as the Indianapolis Star *reported it, "Hoosiers would be 'brainwashed' with books handpicked by Washington bureaucrats." The Governor obviously has not read the act, which specifies that the "administration of public libraries, the selection of personnel and library books and materials . . . shall be reserved to the states and their local subdivisions."*

Legislation to enable Wyoming to participate in the program was introduced in that state's legislature this year but failed of passage by only one vote in a rollcall taken late at night in the closing days of the session.

The Library Services Act is not the complete answer to the problem of lack of library service to all citizens, but in its five years of life it will make great strides possible.

—JULIA D. BENNETT,
Director, Washington Office, ALA.

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centralize the processing of books and other library materials. Local libraries will select their books and request the central service point to order, catalogue, and prepare them for use by readers. The California State Library has estimated that cooperative centralized processing for a group of eleven libraries would result in the saving of the services of one staff member per library. The time thus released could be used for the enrichment of other services to readers.

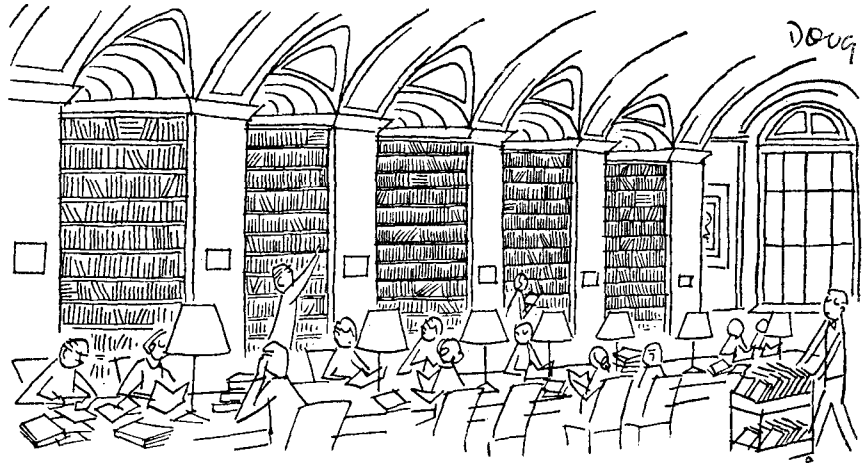
The need for public libraries to serve all the people has been described in many ways. In its report on the Library Services Bill in 1955, the Committee on Education and Labor of the House of Representatives put it this way:

"There can be no question that the free, tax-supported library, where it has been adequately supported, is an integral part of public education in the many communities where it exists. The library has supplemented and worked with the public schools so that the children of most communities have an integrated book program. These library facilities are important to school children during the school year as well as during the summer time when reading programs are provided. Actually the public library has been a bulwark against juvenile delinquency and has been a positive force against the bad effects of vicious comic books.

"The public library offers opportunity for adults, regardless of the amount of formal education, to carry on continuing education throughout their lives. With the many complex problems facing our people today, the national welfare requires that a well-stocked library, as a headquarters for unbiased fact, be available to all of our people."

Mrs. Zippa L. Hall, chairman of the Citizens Committee of the Kansas Library Association, put it another way while appearing before the committee:

"I have a vision of libraries with rooms for adult education of all sorts, with places for reading clubs for happy youngsters and story hours for the younger ones, with films and records . . . with red bookmobiles regularly covering the long miles to tiny libraries, to rural schools, to country homes. . . ." Subcommittee Chairman Landrum of Georgia asked Mrs. Hall, "Why would you like the bookmobile to be red?" and Mrs. Hall answered, "Just because they could see it farther." She conceded, however, that a red, white, and blue bookmobile would be just as welcome in Kansas. The important point is that Mrs. Hall's vision is becoming a reality.



The Challenge of Continual Crisis

By JOHN T. EASTLICK, *librarian of the Denver, Col., Public Library; president, Public Libraries Division, American Library Association.*

FOR THE majority of the 7,500 public libraries in the United States, this past year has been a time of challenges—of a rapidly growing national population, of redistribution of that population over the face of our land, of rising costs of library resources, of rising competition for financial support. But the greatest challenge has risen from the need of adults to improve their knowledge and skill if they are to participate successfully in our shifting society.

Gerald W. Johnson put it this way in his preface to "Public Library Service: A Guide to Evaluation" (American Library Association): "There is the most urgent need for our people to broaden their intellectual horizon with all possible speed, for the moment of crisis is already upon us. It is not enough to train the rising generation to meet their new responsibilities, for irreversible decisions must be made before they come to maturity. Obviously, the task will strain all the resources of mind and character that the nation can muster. The tension is greatest upon agencies of information, but nowhere is the pressure greater than upon the public library."

Here are a few ways American librarians are meeting the crisis:

• To encourage the writing and publishing of significant books on contemporary problems and affairs, history and biography, and imaginative literature, the American Library Association established the "Liberty and Justice Book Awards." These annual $5,000 awards, made possible through a grant from the Fund for the Republic, were awarded for the first time in April. Recipients of the awards were: William H. Whyte, Jr., for "The Organization Man" (Simon & Schuster); Alpheus Thomas Mason for "Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law" (Viking Press); and James Thurber for "Further Fables for Our Time" (Simon & Schuster).

• Librarians try to pattern the services of a community library on the specific needs of its community. But sometimes it is difficult to analyze community needs and to identify available community resources. For the past two years the American Library Association's "Library-Community Project," made possible through a grant from the Fund for Adult Education, has been developing techniques and processes for a library-community analysis. Through pilot studies in selected cities and counties of four states—Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, and Tennessee—the libraries are spearheading community studies to determine the nature and extent of educational resources needed by the adults of each community. The evaluation of the results of such surveys are expected to culminate in an expanded and dynamic library-centered adult education program which will utilize the discovered and identified community resources, and which will be directed toward specific community needs.

• In recent years, and especially in 1956, momentum has developed for citizen support of public libraries. The movement is spotlighted by "Operation Library," a project adopted in the fall of 1956 by the United States

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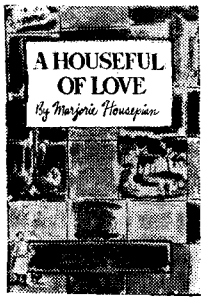

SR's *Spotlight on Fiction:*

"A HOUSEFUL OF LOVE"

Author: Marjorie Housepian

By BENJAMIN APPEL

LOVE, love, love! Many novelists have gone to the literary patent office and taken out their claims on love. Bogus claims, many of them. It's good to report that Marjorie Housepian really likes people and can see them with a gentle and humorous eye.

The people in her new novel "A Houseful of Love" (Random House, $3.50) are some Armenian-Americans resident in the New York City of 1929 when the narrator was a girl of ten. There is Uncle Pousant who owns a restaurant on Lexington Avenue, a true artist of the kitchen, horrified by such American dishes as the poached egg. There is his wife Hadji, self-enlisted in the age-old guerrilla war between practical wives and impractical husbands. There is Marta-mama, the old one who knows six words of English: "Uptown, downtown, no good, okay, and bum." And dominating all the others, Marta-mama's son, the fabulous Levon Dai who never appears on the scene, but whose adventures in "the province of Iowa" bind the other characters together.

The old American fairy tale of friendly strangers and business opportunities dropped down out of the big blue sky, is retold in the story of Levon Dai. A true fairy tale, for don't we all know Someone who actually located the golden sidewalks of the immigrant legend? Once more the ladder of luck is climbed by this new American—and there is a smile with each rung that Levon Dai ascends—as it has been climbed by so many other new Americans of Irish, Italian, Scandinavian, Jewish, Greek stock. Up he climbs, the great Levon Dai, while his relatives and friends and friendly enemies on Lexington Avenue follow each adventure with admiration or the secret hope that some day even Levon Dai will slip on the banana peel of life.

Levon Dai meets a "Mississlater" (Mrs. Slater) on a Chicago-bound train, and after treating her to some of his Armenian lunch, wins her wild enthusiasm for all things Armenian. He must come to her home town, Council Bluffs, Iowa! "Mississlater" gushes, and tell Everything! In Council Bluffs, Levon Dai is a seven-day wonder. The various ladies' organizations compete for his services as lecturer, and eventually a dry-cleaning magnate kindly offers Levon Dai his friendship and the opportunity to start learning a business by bearing a sandwich sign through the streets of Council Bluffs.

Although many of these good citizens have given money for "the starving Armenians," they haven't thought very much about Armenians as people. In Levon Dai's words; "How generous these Americans are. . . . And how naive about any culture outside their own."

For Levon Dai, the sandwich sign will lead to testimonial banquets; he will become one of the town's leading citizens, a dry-cleaning magnate himself. So, as he prospers in Council Bluffs and marries a Miss Shirley Adams, his awed fans in New York build his legend, golden brick by golden brick, and await his triumphant return. His mother Marta-mama is very old and would like to see her great son before she dies. When will he come? Marta-mama dies without ever seeing Levon Dai—but the parents of Shirley Adams visit New York, and to the surprise of little Armenia on Lexington Avenue they are not "cold soup" but nice likable folk who actually enjoy Uncle Pousant's wonderful dishes.

Poor Uncle Pousant who in the past has served so many ketchup-type Americans: "Ketchup! Do you know how I spent this morning? Let me tell you. I spent the morning, coaxing, basting, imbuing that exquisite meat with the subtle flavors of heaven. My *soul* went into that lamb. 'Ketchup!' she says."

There is a delicate flavor in this novel, and delicately it records the dreams and hopes of a people newly come to America, no longer fearful of persecution but afraid that their three thousand years of proud history will be swallowed up by gigantic and democratic America. America, where all the second generations learn the use of ketchup!

—George Cserna.

ABOUT MARJORIE HOUSEPIAN: The night last year before her five-day visa for Moscow expired, Marjorie Housepian, Barnard '44, went with CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr to a Thai embassy party, and, after shaking hands with Mr. Malenkov, said in Armenian to the man next in line, "Hello, Mr. Mikoyan." He was delighted to greet an American in his own tongue, and when she explained with disappointment that she had come all the way to Russia just to see Armenia, he said, "Well, why not?"—then dropped the subject. Marjorie, who was traveling alone, shied at asking him to change Intourist's *nyet*! to *da*, but, taking the advice of some friendly ambassadors, sent him a note. "In your country," they said, "everyone writes to President Eisenhower, but in this country, No. Probably yours is the only letter he will get tomorrow." The next afternoon she was granted a visa to visit the land of her forefathers, where she was showered with roses like Elizabeth Rex. In Kirovagan, one of the largest cities in Russian Armenia, they had never before seen an American, and when the Armenians in Kessab, Syria, learned she was the daughter of the Dr. Housepian who had fought local typhus epidemics, their hospitality bubbled over. Although she herself is brunette, most of the 500 inhabitants there—like Marjorie's eleven-year-old-son—trace their blond hair to fraternizing Crusaders. Someday the young New Yorker (whose name is pronounced "How-SEP-ean," meaning Josephson) may write all about it, but to date the body of her work comprises three short stories about Armenian-Americans done as exercises for Martha Foley's course at Columbia University (which were published in the *Paris Review*, *Tomorrow*, and *Charm* and subsequently formed the nucleus for "A Houseful of Love") as well as an adult-problem story that proved to a skeptical classmate that she could write about people who weren't Armenian. It was accepted by *The Atlantic*. The novel, her first, is not autobiographical. "What I tried to do," she says, "was to give composites of people I have known to bring in every Armenian type I could think of." For her next book she expects again to get into stride with a few preliminary sketches. But they will concern different nationalities. "Frankly," she admits, "I would like to get away from Armenians."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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Look at Virginia

"The Strangers Were There," by John Bell Clayton *(Macmillan. 214 pp. $3.75), is a collection of short stories by a Southern newspaperman who displayed an uncommon literary talent before his untimely death.*

By William Peden

JOHN BELL CLAYTON, who died two years ago at the age of forty-nine, had been a professional newspaperman for years until he retired in 1946 to devote himself to fiction writing. The following year his second published story received first prize in the O. Henry Memorial Awards. Subsequently he published three good novels and half a dozen stories, but most of his short stories were still in manuscript at the time of his death. Thirteen of these, along with the eight published during his lifetime, are included in a recently published collection called "The Strangers Were There."

Although he spent the last years of his life in California, Clayton was a Virginian and his stories are as Virginian as Joyce's are Irish. All of them have a common setting, the small mid-country city of "Colonial Springs" which seems very much like Charlottesville in Albemarle County where Mr. Clayton attended the University of Virginia and where, on the Charlottesville *Progress*, his professional career began. Here it is: from the white-columned mansions built by Northern millionaires during the second Yankee invasion of Virginia to the foul-smelling back streets of the paregoric drinkers and the red-lipped girls from the wrong side of the tracks; the courthouse square with its heroic statue of General Lee on Traveler; "Jug Hill," the Negro district exploding into manic activity every Saturday night—all this is here, keenly observed and memorably recorded.

This is not to suggest that these stories are parochial in any strict sense of the word. If they are deeply rooted in time and place, their implications are universal. Mr. Clayton was passionately interested in people, the unsung but not insignificant little people who are everywhere and at all times the heart and soul of a place or a region or a way of life: people like gentle Uncle Gene McCantland who kills the intruder who had murdered his dog, or the violent Gatemyers and Lowhatters and their feudin', or Antietam Blankenship, the man who looked like a bird, who had his moment of greatness the day the highway froze over in Cherry Glen.

The narrator of several of these excellent stories, a newspaperman in Colonial Springs, prays for "that most improbable of all miracles: that I be permitted to see clearly." This miracle came to pass. John Bell Clayton learned to see clearly, to see things steadily and to see them whole ("this is my native land and I love it," the same character reflects after being witness to the slaying of two Negroes by a sheriff's deputy, "but there are times when I hate it"). John Bell Clayton was both a good man and a good writer. His too early death was a terrible thing.

ALL IN THE FAMILY: In Martin Boyd's novel **"Outbreak of Love"** (Reynal, $3.75), dealing with Australian society just before World War I, Diana von Flugel (née Langton) discovers her love for an old admirer, then rediscovers her need for her feckless husband; her daughter Josie falls straightforwardly in love with a young soldier; and young Guy Langton, the narrator, explores the dreadful, cloying devotion of his Aunt Milly. Guy's richly gossipy account traces the interaction of these plots in a formal, old-fashioned manner which scorns surprise and suspense. But it is the large and odd Langton family itself and the delight Mr. Boyd takes in their individuality which are the main attractions of this exceedingly attractive book. —DONALD R. BENSEN.

FAMILY TROUBLE: In **"A Male Child"** (Dutton, $3), Paul Scott is concerned with Ian Canning's convalescence, from an unnamed disease, at the home of Alan Hurst, a wartime friend, and his involvement with the Hurst family's present circumstances and past history. Canning and his wife are estranged but we never know what their trouble is. A peeling-of-the-onion approach is adopted by the author but neither his technique nor his subject matter are substantial enough to provide the kind of fascination afforded by a similarly intended but fully executed work like Ford Madox Ford's "The Good Soldier."

—GERALD WALKER.

—Erich Hartmann.

John Clayton—"good man, good writer."

TORTURED FLIGHT: There are enormous possibilities in the situation of German novelist Heinz von Homeyer's **"The Radiant Mountain"** (Regnery, $4). In the hands of a scrupulous writer the tortured flight of a father from the consuming revenge of a hated son, in the present climate of ideological conflict, could be full of obsessional shades. Unfortunately, neither Andrei Beregin, the ex-teacher whose notebook tells the story of his flight from his son; nor Sergei Ivanovich, the saintly, Czarist general, who is his companion in flight; nor Alexei, the son, who has become the cruelest of commissars, is anything more than a convenient flagpole from which to hang the banner of a point of view.

Then, too, a story of pursuit needs but the slightest tension to have an innate drama of its own, but Sergei's lengthy moral pronouncements allow the reader to forget that these men are the quarry of an implacable hunter. "The Radiant Mountain" disappoints our hopes, but it does raise interesting questions as to the curious phenomenon of the great wave of self-inculpating religious statement in Germany today.

The translation is by Elinor Castendyk Briefs. —MARY BARRETT.

FRUSTRATED LIVES: Giose Rimanelli exemplifies, in style and content, a school of young Italian novelists who have come to the fore since 1945 and have dedicated their attention to the impoverished and unconquerable folk of the *mezzogiorno*. In his newest novel **"Original Sin"** (translated by Ben Johnson; Random House, $2.95), Nicola Vietri, a man of good will and even energy, lives only in the hope of getting his wife and his two daughters to the promised land of America. His younger daughter is a mute; his older daughter, Michela, is also accursed for she is pretty and attractive and her charms have caught the eye of Ramorra, a private guard of the lands of a wealthy landowner. Ramorra makes

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an honest offer for her hand but Nicola thinks his girl can do better in America. Maddened by frustration, Ramorra takes part with two village loafers in an attempt to rape the girl; his better nature asserts itself in time and he protects her against others. But the damage has been done, the girl is driven close to madness by shock, and Ramorra takes to the mountains with the hue and cry after him, and in the last pages of the book the exacerbated ferocity of the community catches up with him. He is in truth the victim of his own good intentions.

A tale then of bitter irony and recurrent violence, and a tale well told. Rimanelli has written a fine story and, for all its melodramatic elements, a true one. —THOMAS G. BERGIN.

SHIP IN A STORM: In **"Gale Force"** (Macmillan, $3.50), Elleston Trevor turns his sharp talent for making the sense of mortal danger concrete to the problem of what happens when the weather gets the best of a modern cargo-passenger ship. Neither veteran captain, Matthew Harkne, nor the dozen passengers of the *Atlantic Whipper* could believe she was vulnerable to the gale when she was almost within smelling distance of the Channel. But as the wind was freshening, the thousands of tons of grain surged back and forth, throwing a fifteen-degree list on the ship. Like a tragic hero when fate gets at him through the flaw in his character, the *Atlantic Whipper* succumbs to the sea.

As Captain Harkness juggles the speed necessary to keep her headed into the sea against the need to conserve fuel until help can reach him, the personalities that appeared colorless at first take on a more lurid look. The personal conflicts are not profoundly done, yet they are at least believable and do not detract from the central drama of ship versus sea. Here is a writer who knows how to present all the impressions on which the imagination feeds. Here is the sea sailors know. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

"LOLITA": LITERATURE OR PORNOGRAPHY?

ONCE upon a time there was an old publishing adage which went something like this: "If you want to produce a bestseller, publish a novel that will be banned in Boston." But this spring it looks as if the old adage needs some refurbishment. Now, instead of Boston, some bookmen are substituting the name of the city which bears the reputation of being the most lenient in all the world in matters of literary license. The city: Paris. This spring, in fact, after a series of paradoxes which have become internationally known as *L'Affaire Lolita*, American bookshops are selling as often as they can obtain shipments a novel which has actually been banned in Paris—and rapidly selling out of it, too, at $12.50 a copy.

The name of this paradox-bound novel is "Lolita, or the Confession of a White Widowed Male," a novel in two pale green paperback volumes by a Russian-born Cornell professor named Vladimir Nabokov which, oddly enough, was first published in Paris in English rather than French. Its salable subject matter in any language: a middleaged man's sexual lust for a girl in her early adolescence. Of "Lolita" soon after its publication novelist Graham Greene declared: "[It is] a distinguished novel." Professor Harry Levin of Harvard proclaimed "[It is] not primarily sexual at all. [It is] a symbol of the aging European intellectual coming to America, falling in love with it but finding it, sadly, a little immature." Professor F. W. Dupee of Columbia, an authority on Henry James, denied that "Lolita" is obscene, adding: "It is [the story of] a real wolf howling for a real Red Riding Hood."

Apparently such acclaim did not

Vladimir Nabokov.

impress the Parisian censors. Last December the French government, spurred on by the British government (which feared, logically enough, that copies of "Lolita" would find their way to England), invoked its obscenity laws against the novel. Then, to the surprise of almost everybody, the U. S. Customs Office pronounced the book unobjectionable. The paradoxical result: "Lolita" cannot be legally exported from France but after being smuggled out of France it can be legally imported into the U. S., thereby bringing about for the first time in history a situation in which, as one outraged French publication has said, "France has shown herself to be more intolerant and more puritanical than an English-speaking country." The obvious result of all this: the American public, intrigued by the French ban (and unable to buy any American editions of the novel because no American publisher, again paradoxically, has thus far thought it worthy of publication), is willing to pay exorbitant prices for "Lolita."

Readers looking for obscenity in "Lolita" are due for disappointment. Filled with comic horror rather than with erotica, the 140,000-word novel traces its protagonist's unnatural obsession to his final commitment to a sanitarium. Thus far American publishers have been reluctant to bring out an edition in this country, fearing that the case of Edmund Wilson's "Memoirs of Hecate County," whose banning was upheld by the federal courts, might be repeated. But there are persistent rumors that one or another house will dare such a threat before long.

In the meantime American readers anxious to find what *L'Affaire Lolita* is all about but unwilling to part with $12.50 for a bootleg copy can find a measure of satisfaction in the latest number of the "Anchor Review 2," a paperbound book-magazine published from time to time by Doubleday and now on sale at 95¢ a copy. Approximately one-third of the issue is devoted to "Lolita": 28,000 words of representative passages from the book itself, flanked with a defense of the novel as a work of art by Professor Dupee and an explanation by Mr. Nabokov himself of how he came to write it.

Even in France things are looking up for would-be readers of "Lolita." The Parisian house of Gallimard, fighting the government's ban, has announced that it will soon publish a full and unexpurgated edition of the novel in French. Gallimard is confident that in such matters the French Fourth Republic will have to capitulate and display the traditional French leniency towards literary expression. —GEORGE BAKER.

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ASIA

Chiang Kai-shek's Call to Arms

"Soviet Russia in China," by Chiang Kai-shek *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 392 pp. $5), offers the Generalissimo's views on Asia and the world from the vantage point of three-score years and ten. Theodore H. White, who reviews it, edited "The Stilwell Papers" and is co-author of "Thunder Out of China."*

By Theodore H. White

NOW, at last, Chiang Kai-shek has written his story.

And if this story ("Soviet Russia in China") is not history, it is nonetheless an event in history—for it is a last polemic, inscribed by a man upon whom history has turned for thirty years, addressed to the court of American public opinion, forthrightly inviting us to join him in an immediate new war.

The first half of this book is narrative, thicketed with memoranda and old negotiating papers here first revealed in full, telling Chiang's tale of the conquest of China by Communism from the founding of the Communist party there in 1920, as a branch office of Russian diplomacy, to the eve of its final victory in 1947. As narrative, it is one of the more detailed records of Stalinist treachery and betrayal, and its highlights are a cluster of choice new morsels of duplicity of the Russian despot.

What mars the narrative are, simply, the frame and construction of the facts. For this is not a Churchillian summation of great events that have thundered by, nor the tale of the awesome swelling and eruption of the Chinese revolution. It is an act of politics, a plea by a man so desperately pressed that the facts must serve obediently or be dismissed entirely as soldiers in a struggle for survival.

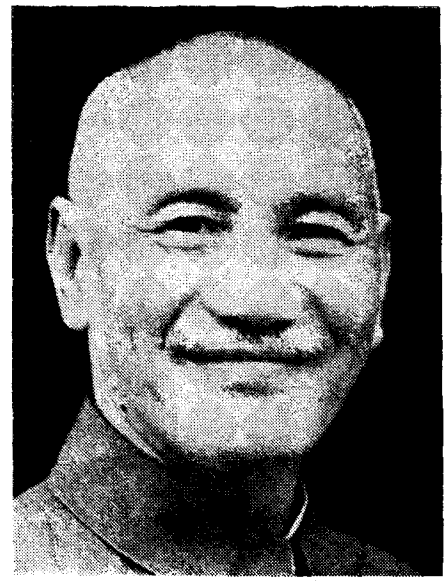
Read simply, it is the story of destruction of freedom by conspiracy: except that to support this thesis, Chiang must offer his wartime palace command as a democratic system based on a functioning peoples parliament (none such existed) and insist that what was destroyed in his government was the fiber of freedom rather than a system controlled and manipulated by a police as malevolent, if not as brutal or efficient, as his Communist enemy's. In limiting itself to the simple documentation of the conspiracy, the book ignores, as it must, both the tear-soaked background of misery in which the conspiracy took root, then flourished, then burst to triumph, and the struggle in his own camp to create the base of healthy resistance.

The Stilwell affair, for example, the climax of America's first effort to save Chiang's regime for the West, is quickly dismissed as a misunderstanding over Communism ("To this day my heart still aches over this unfortunate affair," says Chiang), although the official American Army history of the Stilwell mission records that Chiang had thrice in two years demanded Stilwell's relief from command in a continuing dispute over the use of American supplies to make a truly effective army that might one day defend his sovereignty.

AN EQUALLY startling silence drops over the horror-laden campaigns of 1947-1949 when Chiang's armies and people deserted en masse to the Communists. The narrative ends abruptly after 180 pages of detail just as Chiang's troops have occupied Manchuria and Kalgan, stand flushed with victory and fleshed with American arms, facing a guerrilla army of Communists numerically far inferior to them.

In little more than two years after that, Chiang was an exile on Formosa; but no explanation is offered for the final collapse but conspiracy, the inflation of Chinese currency, and the fact (overwhelming in Chiang's mind) that American public opinion, 9,000 miles away, was turned against him by a handful of liberal or duped publicists.

A far more effective case might have been made for Chiang Kai-shek than has been made by the handful of men who helped him on this manuscript. His raw courage, his unyielding will, his brief success—until the Japanese smashed it—to create a new, effective coastal governing group in the mid-Thirties, his payment for America's blunder at Yalta—for all of these, chroniclers must yield him credit or sympathy. What is proven in "Soviet Russia in China" is only that Chiang saw and mistrusted Communism from the first. What is omitted is that he saw and mistrusted every man—his own generals, his provincial warlords, his allies, their generals, his people. Trapped tragically between the faceless Japanese army and the never-ending pressure of the Communists, he met them both on their own terms —conspiracy with counter-conspiracy, police with counter-police, terror with counter-terror, and failed.



—*Chinese News Service.*

Chiang—"choice new morsels."

It is the second half of the book—a long political-philosophical analysis of the politics of our age—which explains best why Chiang failed. Roving the writings of Western political theorists, from Clausewitz to Lenin, he mobilizes fragments of their writings like bits of magic, as earlier Chinese warlords deployed guns and planes of Western confection with similarly meager understanding. They reveal a groping mind—of a man orphaned as a child in an antique Chinese village, briefly educated in Japan, a leaderless soldier coming to manhood in the immorality of Shanghai, sucked to greatness by the tremendous upheaval of Asia which he rode —the mind of a man straining mechanically to understand what was happening about him.

OCCASIONALLY, this mechanical learning slips a cog, as when he dates the beginning of Communism at the French Revolution, fifty years before the birth of Marx, writing, "Although the international Communists demonstrated their reactionary strength in their repeated attempts to stir up class struggle during the French Revolution, they accomplished nothing."

More often, it results, after his long experience, in such profound and

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Reply to a Russian Invitation

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editor of The Saturday Review has received a cabled official invitation from Igor Bestuzhev in Moscow for a statement on nuclear testing that would be published or broadcast in the Soviet Union. The following is the text of the reply:*

THE world's peoples prayerfully seek not only an end to nuclear testing, but an end to war, threats of war, aggressions, government-by-force, outside rule, and all the big and little tyrannies that bleed the human spirit and make it difficult for a free man to live and grow.

An enforceable ban on nuclear testing could help set the stage for the long-range, peace-building measures. Apart from this, there are grave doubts about the safety of such tests in terms of the effects on food and human tissue.

If, therefore, you ask why the American people are profoundly reluctant to enter into informal agreements, I beg you to believe that there is nothing impulsive or unnatural in these hesitations. In all honesty and good faith, I ask you to consider that the American people are fearful that the Soviet leaders might find some way of circumventing such agreements whenever it is to their advantage to do so.

There is also a growing conviction that the Soviet leaders are not so much intent on achieving nuclear arms control as they are on bringing about the failure of such negotiations and in making it appear to the world that the United States is responsible.

Indeed, ever since the question of arms control came up at the end of the Second World War, Soviet policy seems to have had twin objectives—the one to come before the world as a champion of disarmament, the other to maneuver the United States into a position where it would be blamed for the failure of any disarmament negotiations.

A year or two ago, it appeared that a great change for the better had come about in the leadership of the Soviet Union. There was a boldness and frankness in acknowledging the misdeeds of previous leadership that gave promise of new and healthier approaches. But recent events, notably the armed intervention by Soviet troops against popular uprisings in Hungary, have revived and reinforced the sombre image of Soviet leadership.

This is not to say that America is without blame in the situation of tension in which the world finds itself today.

I believe the United States has often failed to make its purposes clear in the world. We have not adequately countered propaganda charges against us that we are intent on war.

Too much of our policy has seemed to the world to be a reaction to what the Soviet does or does not do. Not enough of our policy has consisted of worthwhile and positive ends in themselves. For example, when we have sent assistance to needy peoples, we would frequently make the mistake of relating it to military necessity instead of making it clear that we were furnishing such aid because we were in a position to do so and because it was the right thing for us to do.

Another mistake is that we have often failed to put our greatest resource to work in our relationship with the rest of the world. I refer to the natural idealism of the American people. In our own history it has translated itself into big ideas. Today, there is a craving in the world for the big ideas that have to do with the individual's free place in a free society, and for the utilization of the world's energies for the world's good.

Still another mistake is that we have failed to dramatize the necessary distinctions between governments we may not favor and the peoples of those governments.

The American people have nothing but the warmest feelings for the Russian people.

Though we are deeply opposed to dictatorship, whatever its professed aim, we have no animus toward the human beings who live under that dictatorship. But we haven't made this distinction as visible as it should be. The result is that we may appear antagonistic to a nation as a whole.

NOW we come to the tensions between our two governments. Apart from the ideological differences between the two nations, there is a basic and historical reason for the present strain. In the very act of seeking security, each nation is contributing to the insecurity of the other. The absence of a world security system adequate to underwrite the safety of individual nations, small or large, has made it imperative for the nations to fashion their own security as best they can.

There was a basic fallacy in the way the United Nations was constituted. The fallacy was that the United Nations could not be, and should not be, anything more than a reflection of the will for the peace of the member nations themselves. The United Nations was not given a law-making status of its own, apart from that of the states. It was a collection of units rather than a unit in itself. It was not so constituted as to have a direct connection with the world's peoples and thus, in a measure, to be able to command their loyalties. It became an adjunct to the foreign policies of the individual nations. It lacked the authority and the means to prevent aggression or to guarantee the independence and essential sovereignty of the nations.

As a result, even without respect to ideological or historical differences, there was an inadequate basis for mutual security in the world at the end of the last great war. But, in the years following the war, the ideological differences asserted themselves and interacted with the race for security. It was inevitable that deep and dangerous tensions would be created.

These tensions do not exist in the world of the slingshot. The nature of

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the new science of warfare is such that some way must be found, as President Eisenhower has said, to outlaw not only nuclear tests, but war itself. Bombs have already been tested by both the United States and the Soviet Union that are more than one thousand times more powerful than the atomic bombs that ended the last world war. Indeed, it is now possible to make a single hydrogen bomb that contains more explosive force than all the bombs let loose in all the wars of man put together.

Worse still is the fact that the main sufferers of a nuclear conflict will be the generations to come. For, if there should be any survivors, our legacy to the future will be poisoned genes. Those genes will cheapen human life, disfigure it, deplete it.

This is too much power for nations or peoples to have. Whatever the antagonisms in the world today, no one has the right to pursue and punish unborn generations or to tamper with the sacred nature of life.

Yet this is the position in which mankind finds itself today. We must ask ourselves then whether as members of the human family we do not all share an obligation to act in behalf of our common responsibility. We must develop new resolves and fashion great new possibilities.

No single government by itself can create the new climate of hope that is now needed. But neither are the individual governments helpless in making vital contributions toward that end.

Since Radio Moscow has asked me for a statement, I now make bold to say what I believe it is that the Soviet government can do that would have a profound effect on the American people in improving the relations between our two nations and in helping to clear the way for an effective and enduring peace.

First, call off and rescind once and for all, openly and unequivocally, the aim of world revolution and the apparatus of world revolution.

The world cannot be expected to be persuaded by professions of respect and co-existence so long as there is good reason for believing that the original Communist aim of world revolution and control is unchanged. True, the Soviet has made renunciations in this respect from time to time, but they lack the implementing proof. It has announced that the national Communist parties throughout the world are totally independent, but those parties have not acted in a manner to confirm this separation. Here in the United States, for example, the Communist Party has consistently demonstrated that it sees itself as the arm of the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, rather than as a group primarily concerned with the welfare of the American people. Indeed, just in the act of existing, the American Communist Party has made itself repugnant to the American people. It has seriously retarded the chances for any workable and effective agreements on arms control just by propagandizing for it. Whatever this party touches becomes anathema to the masses of the American people. I say this in absolute sincerity, so that you may understand the liability it represents in the cause of American-Russian friendship.

Second, it would contribute enormously to an atmosphere of peace if the Soviet Union would announce a time-table for withdrawing its political and military influence from Central and Northern Europe and for returning to the peoples of that area their full and unfettered national independence.

If the Soviet Union feels that the present state of world insecurity requires it to hold on to Central and Northern Europe for military reasons, then it would be in order for the Soviet to announce that it is willing to relinquish its controls, direct and indirect, contingent upon the creation of a world security system adequate to protect its own frontiers.

Third, the Soviet Union can act on the basis of its stated conviction that the nuclear tests are contaminating the atmopshere. There is nothing to keep the Soviet from announcing to the world that, consistent with the health and safety of the world's peoples, it is suspending its nuclear tests and it can call upon the rest of the world to do likewise. This would be the quickest and easiest way of bringing about cessation in the United States. It would also set the stage for binding and fool-proof agreements with respect to arms reduction and arms control.

Fourth, the Soviet can announce that it is willing to forego its veto in the United Nations on those matters related to world security on condition that other nations do likewise and on condition that the United Nations be given the responsible powers that would enable it to underwrite national frontiers and national sovereignty. For whatever the present shortcomings of the United Nations, it is still the best hope we have of holding the world together.

Fifth, the Secretary-General of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. made an excellent move in the direction of freer communication between the two countries in appearing recently before an American television audience. Continued such accessibility to American correspondents would be highly useful. It should also be made possible for American officials to talk directly to the Russian people.

YOU are right when you say that there must be at least as many points in a list of what the United States can do in the cause of making this planet safe for human habitation. I invite you or your colleagues to prepare such a list which we would endeavor to have published in full in the United States and to obtain for it appropriate attention in the United States.

Meanwhile, I am eager to assure you that this statement was prepared not for the purpose of scoring points in a debate or for seeking any advantage. It was written in the belief that it is not yet too late for the American and Russian peoples to explore honestly and frankly what has to be done to make the world safe for its diversity and to respect the rights of the generations to come.

—N. C.

The Umbrella

By Donald Hall

IT KEEPS out everything! It goes
Down to the floor, takes root and grows,
Until it is a wooden thing
Protecting me from wind and rain
So that no element constrain
My random perfect tarrying.
It is a game of solitaire.
Like water ouzels, I protect
My body in a case of air,
While walking on the world, suspect
To all the trout for whom I seem
A foreign object in the stream.
I read in here. I see your lips
That move to answer me, but I
Am deaf to everyone's reply.
I am my own acquaintanceships.
The world is made of Indians
Whose bows and arrows have no sense.
I live in no man's land, it's true,
But in a Sherman tank for you
To shoot at if you care to shoot
I do not give a single hoot.
Life does not scrape against my skin,
And wail, and struggle to get in.
I sacrificed my own design
To make this big umbrella mine.
I sleep much better now. The air
Is not conditioned but ignored,
Somehow as if I could afford
To breathe aromas of nowhere.
That's where I live. You hear me shout.
You see my inner happiness.
Your lips move. You are all a mess.
You will not get me to come out.

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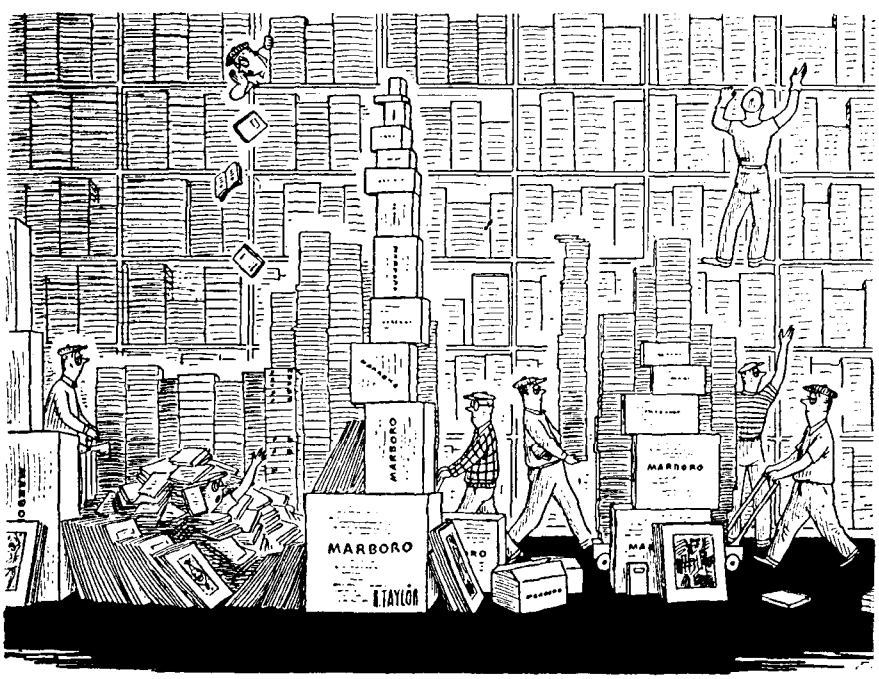

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COLLECTIVE STUPIDITY

DR. WILLARD LIBBY, like many other scientists, abandons the methods of rational inquiry when he enters the realm of human affairs and "doublethinks" with the politicians (*SR* May 25). He apparently thinks of a less-than-Utopian agreement to ban H-bomb testing as "the terrible risk of abandoning the defense effort." The H-bomb has become a quasi-institution. Like all institutions, it is perpetuated by mental inertia. The dangers of fallout, although indeterminate, are universally recognized, while the presumed dangers of discontinuing testing are quite possibly non-existent. The only conceivable use of H-bombs is as a deterrent, and it is difficult to see how further increase in the destructive power of these already staggering weapons can materially enhance their deterrent effect. The present international tensions, which we help to create, and the tremendous extravagance of the arms race, which impedes human progress in all its constructive aspects, cannot be tolerated indefinitely. Our worst enemy may not be the Communists but the collective stupidity of mankind, which we share so abundantly with the other nations.

C. W. GRIFFIN.

Erlton, N. J.

THREAT TO HUMANITY

SR's STATED policy regarding the nuclear weapons, their testing, and their threat to humanity has, I am sure, awakened many, many individuals, over the world, in all walks of life.

ROBERT L. GOULDING, M.D.

Bowman, N. D.

DOWNWARD REVISIONS

THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION has recently revised its estimate of the amount of hydrogen-bomb detonation necessary to bring the world level of radioactivity up to maximum permissible concentration. This estimate, originally 110,000 megatons, has recently been lowered to 30,000 megatons, which represents what might be involved in only a "small" nuclear war. This revision was made necessary by a preliminary survey of the amount of weapons-testing-caused radioactivity in human bones. There is little doubt in my mind but that this estimate will be further revised downward in the near future when the importance of the three times higher concentration in children is fully realized, and when the effect of low doses of radioactivity on the blood system has been fully explored.

ALLAN B. BURDICK,
Purdue University.

Lafayette, Ind.

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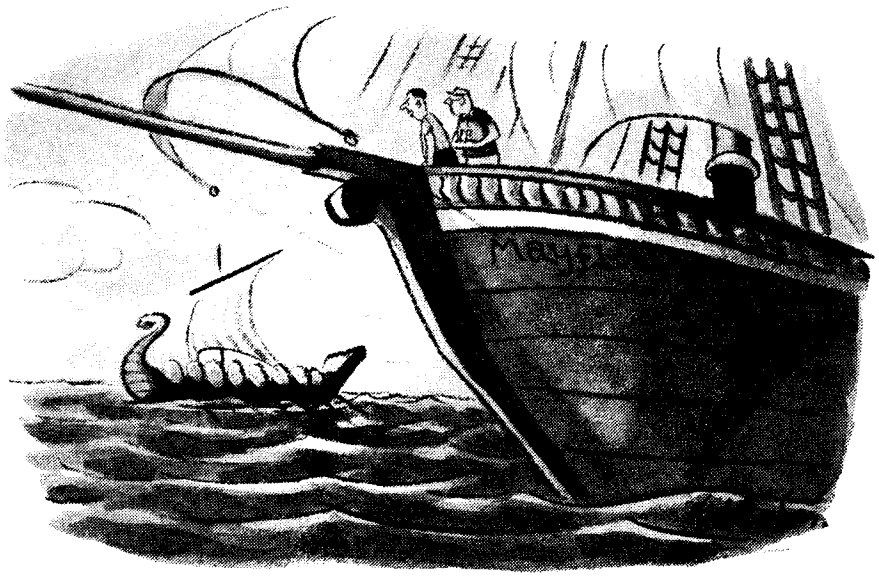

"Well, I think *that's* a pretty snide gesture on Norway's part!"

HE'S NOT CONCERNED

SORRY YOU INSTIGATED the sob-sister attack on the AEC which is as the buzz of flies in the ears of a working elephant. The John Public that maintains our strong central government will be no more concerned about this attack than the elephant will be annoyed by the flies.

J. C. ELLINGTON.

Galveston, Texas.

ALL-TOO-CREDIBLE FOLLIES

IT IS BECOMING apparent that humanity is now committing a most terrifying crime: the irremediable poisoning of millions of now living men and the even more catastrophic poisoning of their children. That crime is commonly justified by another: the poisoning of the mind which blinds it to intelligent responsibility, and delivers it to the doctrine of fear which today dominates human government. We must not allow these all-too-credible follies to occur.

HUGH N. PENDLETON.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHALL *SR* STAND?

WHILE *The Saturday Review* has never posed as *the* arbiter of usage, its readers somehow have expected that, to protect its immense prestige, *SR* would respect long-established expressions, look askance at questionable neologisms, and deliberately refuse to give a fillip to the disintegrating tendencies that, for better or worse, characterize all languages: in down-to-earth plainness, to remain conservative, an overall stabilizing force, but open to the occasional changes that broadly accepted usage imperatively commends. The great Roman critic, Quintilian, once wrote that "even the great Homer sometimes nods." Was John Mason Brown, a critic for whom I have profound respect, guilty of "nodding" when, in *SR* June 1, he ignores the age-old distinction between *shall* and *will*, *should* and *would*? He writes: "We would be a poor breed indeed, if we permitted fear to stampede us into mistaking possibilities for certainties." Authorities who respect the genius of Anglo-Saxon forms have insisted that *shall* in the first person and *will* in the second and third express simple futurity, while *will* in the first person and *shall* in the second and third person denote volition or determination on the part of the speaker. The distinction also applies to the contingent forms of *should* and *would*. Inasmuch as mere willing could not prevent a stampede, it appears that Mr. Brown ought to have used the word *should*. Again he writes: "I trust we will have outgrown our lust for the mediocre," and "I trust we will not have lost our gift for laughter, or our ability to be outraged by wrong." Mere willing on our part can have no assurance that the desired ends will be attained, so the genius of the language demands the use of *shall* in each sentence.

With genuine regret I admit that there are millions who appear indifferent to the vital distinction between *shall* and *will*, perhaps would like to see all distinctions wiped out. My contention is that *The Saturday Review* should not add a downward push toward oblivion for these distinctive words.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Orlando, Fla.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Evolving Western

THE WESTERN movie has never been quite the same since "High Noon," a picture so influential that it has given rise in the trade to the term, "a 'High Noon'-type picture." The cowhand, who used to be a simple soul, is much more likely now to be a man ridden with guilt and haunted with ghosts of the past. The sheriff, or the town marshal, compulsively sets out to get his man, or to fight it out with the bad guys (that is, the psychopaths) for conscience's sake, some mystic obligation to the community, or for an ideal, or because he just has to do it on account of there's something bigger than all of us—and not because that's the way he makes his living. I bring all this up to show how original and even refreshing **"Gunfight at the O.K. Corral"** seems these days, now that the id and the super-ego have been made part of the Western pattern.

The gunfight of the title was an actual gunfight, and it occurred on October 26, 1881, in the appropriately named town of Tombstone, Arizona. The participants were U. S. Marshal Wyatt Earp, his brothers Morgan and Virgil, and Doc Holliday, a gambler friend of Wyatt's—all on the side of the law—and the Clanton gang, a group of tough, organized outlaws. Each year, now, Tombstone wakes itself up and re-stages that battle at the O.K. Corral for the benefit of tourists. Wyatt Earp was one of the most renowned of the figures of the not-so-old West, and of course he has been recreated in movies before, but not nearly so handsomely and, to a degree, accurately as in this Hal B. Wallis job. As played by Burt Lancaster, directed by John Sturges, and written by Leon Uris, Wyatt Earp is a sturdy, quiet fellow who dresses neatly and speaks good English, and who is more likely to quiet a fellow down by hitting him over the head with a gun than by shooting him. His friend, the consumptive Doc Holliday, was a more colorful character, and Kirk Douglas does an exceedingly good job with him.

Not only has the movie been based on a good deal of fact, but it is far more relaxed than most movies of the type. Instead of building in a straight, tense, melodramatic line, it seems to be telling some anecdotes about Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday, and there are, in fact, three distinct and almost unrelated episodes that make up the picture. This is not formlessness at all, but, in view of the material, good form. The acting is at a high level—except for some rather foolish moments involving Rhonda Fleming—and Jo Van Fleet turns in another of her polished performances as Doc Holliday's tarnished lady. Seems to me that "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" might set the Western off on a fresh and fruitful track, if only Hollywood can get its subconscious under control.

* * *

Hollywood seems to have about given up making mystery and detective movies, probably because TV has cornered the market. But the British, bless them, stubbornly stick to doing things they know how to do well—and making detective movies is one of them. So here, in **"The Third Key,"** is Scotland Yard at work again, this time methodically tracking down an ingenious criminal who opens safes all over London until finally Detective Superintendant Tom Halliday (played by Jack Hawkins) catches up with him. It's an intriguing, suspenseful movie for the most part, slackening now and then for some glimpses of the home life of a detective and the inner workings of Scotland Yard. It has some of those nice, neat characterizations British movies are known for, as well as an occasional witty line, and if the movie lacks the imaginative touches of the old Hitchcock and Carol Reed mysteries it is nevertheless made well, like a sturdy British shoe.

* * *

It is a long bus-ride in **"The Wayward Bus,"** made by Twentieth Century-Fox from John Steinbeck's novel. Among the passengers are Dan Dailey, Joan Collins, and Jayne Mansfield. The driver is played by a man with the improbable name of Rick Jason, and by the time he takes the bus through cloudburst, washout, and landslide to its destination he, and every passenger, has learned some sort of lesson in, I believe, humanity. As for myself, finding the journey without either significance or wit, I was glad to get off and rest my tired eyes.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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He Shook Hands With the Hangman

"They Hanged My Saintly Billy," by Robert Graves *(Doubleday. 312 pp. $3.95), is a fictional re-creation of the famous case of the Victorian physician Dr. William Palmer, who was charged with poisoning his friend John Parsons Cook.*

By John T. Winterich

IT IS (relatively) easy to be a prolific writer of fiction if you confine your productive efforts to the activities of a continuing protagonist (Perry Mason, Frank Merriwell), or if you write about your own time and place (Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope). It is less easy if research and exploration are required. There are degrees of research, of course. Sir Walter Scott delved deeply, but some of the material he dug up was usable in more than one novel.

Robert Graves is *sui generis*. He digs all over the lot, but his findings are likely to be useful to him in only a single production—occasionally in two. Imperial Rome, Restoration England, Revolutionary America, and half a dozen other periods and milieus have been poured into his mill and ground out in smooth, digestible prose. Counting translations (from German, Spanish, French, Latin), his output is now well in excess of thirty volumes. Add to this the fact that he makes his home in Mallorca, where reference manuals must be scarce, and where one would think twice before importing a set of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and the marvel grows. Dr. Johnson compared a woman preaching a sermon to a dog's walking on his hind legs:

—Keystone.

Recent pickets demanding the removal of the wax Dr. Palmer from Madame Tussaud's.

"It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." With this difference, that whatever Robert Graves does, he does surpassingly well.

In his latest reconstruction Mr. Graves turns to Victorian England, and to a murder trial that had everybody by the ears just over a hundred years ago. The luckless defendant was Dr. William Palmer of the village of Rugeley in Staffordshire, a bare ten miles from Dr. Johnson's own birthplace, and he was specifically charged with poisoning his friend John Parsons Cook. More than a dozen other deaths were ascribed to him, but the Cook charge was enough. There is a vast literature on the Palmer case; it deservedly forms a unit (1952) in the Notable British Trials Series. James Hodges, who edited the Palmer volume in that series, calls Palmer a mass-executioner, and Mr. Graves does not approve.

It is Mr. Graves's contention that Palmer was innocent. There were patent defects in the conduct of his trial; some witnesses altered their stories, and others who would have been helpful to the defense failed to appear (being prevented from so doing, Mr. Graves holds, by the Crown). The medical testimony was violently at odds.

Even if Palmer was not a murderer, he was certainly a picaresque rogue possessed of engaging qualities. He was also a scandalous womanizer, a forger, a devotee of the turf who probably drugged a horse or two. He was among the first to examine and to test the possibilities of fraudulent insurance. And he went jauntily to his death; in his last second of life he shook hands with the hangman and bade him a God-bless-you.

Here, as always, Mr. Graves has an unerring eye and ear for the specific. The rich mass of detail provides the bulk of the verisimilitude that pervades the narrative (which is told as of 1856, and largely in the words of men and women who knew the principals, or the background, or both—"The Ring and the Book" formula). "They Hanged My Saintly Billy" (the cry wrenched from a mother who was not all she should have been) is effective and absorbing story. Whether it is also convincing is a consideration that every reader must determine for himself.

—Lettie Ramsey.

Graves—"digs all over the lot."

Faceless Heroes

"The Living Legend," by Alan Phillips *(Little, Brown. 328 pp. $4), is a character study of a unique police force, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Pierre Berton, of the editorial staff of* Maclean's *magazine, reviews it.*

By Pierre Berton

THERE has never been any dearth of writers about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but Alan Phillips is the first to set out to psychoanalyze the world's most famous constabulary. In the past those who have put pen to paper have given us semi-scholarly accounts that tend to read like regimental histories or blood-and-thunder tales that have helped sustain what Mr. Phillips calls "the living legend." He has used the phrase for his different kind of book on the Mounties—a character study of a unique police force.

At the outset Mr. Phillips goes to some pains to deflate those myths which a score of Nelson Eddies, Alan Ladds, Renfrews, and Sergeant Prestons have reinforced. The Mounties do not always get their man; that's never been their motto anyway. They aren't all young and handsome and many measure only five feet eight. They rarely wear scarlet coats or ride horseback but they do suffer, more than most of us, from high blood pressure, heart disease, and "police muscle."

Yet the Mountie legend is so unshakable that a lone constable can arrest two fleeing U. S. desperadoes

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without raising his voice or erecting a road block or drawing a gun (and deliver them shortly after to a gaping posse from Boston, all armed to the teeth). Why?

The book supplies the answer. All through its pages, the lone Mountie keeps reappearing: removing appendices and delivering babies in the Arctic, posing as a drug addict in Montreal, kicking Sitting Bull in the pants on the western plains, living the weird undercover life of a Communist agitator in Regina. He emerges as a singularly faceless creature for, as the author points out, "the curious feature of most RCMP tales is that the heroes seem interchangeable." Each has "a nun's air of detachment, a somewhat austere, impersonal anonymity." Each hews to the Force's overriding concept of Duty.

The interchangeability is very real (every Mountie, no matter what his rank, is a trained detective, for instance) and this is the Force's strength. No Mountie is ever really alone; behind him is a mystic aura of legend "of countless crises surmounted, of gallant deeds magnified."

These deeds the book examines, often at length and in fascinating detail. Having knocked down the Mountie's old edifice of legend, Phillips, with considerable narrative skill proceeds to erect a new one. His documented tales are so much more thrilling and so much more varied than Sergeant Preston's pale exploits that one is tempted to tag them with TV titles ("The Case of the Drug-Peddling Priest"; "The Trial of the Man Who Played Jesus"; "The Chase for the Mad Trapper of Rat River"). Perhaps the most intriguing is the quite incredible story of Alfred Valdmanis, the Latvian refugee who hoodwinked the entire province of Newfoundland for three years.

Most of the book deals with the modern work of the Mounties, whom the author compares to "the Secret Service, the G-Men, the T-Men, the U.S. Coast Guard, the Texas Rangers, and Scotland Yard all rolled into one." But towards the end, Phillips consents to retell a few of the familiar stories about the force's beginnings.

It is as well that these are left to serve as climax, for the most famous spectacle of all dwarfs every one of the modern narratives about the Mounties' exploits. Here, once again, is the scene at Sitting Bull's camp. Here the fierce Sioux, with their stolen U.S. carbines, their battle axes, and the scalps of Custer's men joggling from their belts. And here is the flamboyant Walsh, immaculate in knee boots and sombrero cantering calmly into the heart of the camp, something no uniformed man has ever done before. On the Mountie moves, without a quiver, until he stands nose to nose with the famous medicine man himself. There is a moment of silence as they face each other: the warrior and the policeman. Then the cruel, pitted face of the Sioux leader breaks into a broad smile, the tension relaxes and a legend begins.

But it is more than legend; it is history. And since that day no R.C.M.P. recruit has ever been allowed to forget it.

INSIDE YARNS: Captain Daniel J. Campion of the New York City Police has always been a gold mine for crime writers. As head of the Pickpocket and Confidence Squad, he was an intelligent, dedicated police officer who believed that publicity given to crime would help cut it down. This has never exactly been proved, but Captain Dan would always sit down with a writer and spin an inside yarn. In time he became the subject of a *New Yorker* profile and now in **"Crooks Are Human Too"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) he has his own say, with the experienced assistance of Myron M. Stearns. His book is part autobiography and part elucidation of the techniques used by pickpockets and con men, the latter from the international smoothies to the itinerant gypsy. As always with Captain Campion's stories, the extreme gullibility of part of the human race (con men call their victims "Apples") stands out. It is all told here with the presently ex-Captain's usual skill.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

OF JAZZ AND CRIME: Gordon Shelly is the picturesque name chosen by the author of **"I Take the Rap"** (Frederick Fell, $3). Largely the author takes the rap for himself, since at an early age and with small propulsion, he takes to a life of crime. The rest is a hardboiled, sexy crime story, rendered largely pointless because the author does not disclose his real identity. Nowadays we are accustomed to writers who tell names and places. The self-named Mr. Shelly found his life of crime simplified by the fact that he was (or is) a good jazz musician. Hence he could always get a job near the drinks, the reefers, and the dissolute dames. But it all gives the feeling that this might be fiction as easily as fact. —A. C.

HOT DIAMONDS: In December 1955 harried American newspaper readers may have failed to note that $600,000 in diamonds had been stolen from a wall safe in the home of Mrs. Bridget Oppenheimer, daughter-in-law of the famed Sir Ernest, in Johannesburg, South Africa. The result—which even more Americans must have missed—is one of the strangest criminal cases of our time, told now in **"Drama in Diamonds,"** by Dennis B. Craig and Brian Parkes (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50). The jewels were speedily returned for the insurance money, but three men were arrested in the act of handing them over. At the trial, the three got off scot-free, though two had long and interesting criminal

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PUSHOVER

Here are the titles of all the Pulitzer Prize novels since the first award of 1918. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to identify the authors. If you can't quite make it, turn to page 36.

1. "His Family"
2. "The Magnificent Ambersons"
3. "The Age of Innocence"
4. "Alice Adams"
5. "One of Ours"
6. "The Able McLaughlins"
7. "So Big"
8. "Arrowsmith"
9. "Early Autumn"
10. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"
11. "Scarlet Sister Mary"
12. "Laughing Boy"
13. "Years of Grace"
14. "The Good Earth"
15. "The Store"
16. "Lamb in His Bosom"
17. "Now in November"
18. "Honey in the Horn"
19. "Gone with the Wind"
20. "The Late George Apley"
21. "The Yearling"
22. "The Grapes of Wrath"
23. "In This Our Life"
24. "Dragon's Teeth"
25. "Journey in the Dark"
26. "A Bell for Adano"
27. "All the King's Men"
28. "Tales of the South Pacific"
29. "Guard of Honor"
30. "The Way West"
31. "The Town"
32. "The Caine Mutiny"
33. "The Old Man and the Sea"
34. "Andersonville"

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records. How? What? Why? It all makes for the most fascinating kind of off-beat whodunit, marred only slightly by the American reader's necessary unfamiliarity with the South African scene. —A. C.

ROMAN SCANDAL: Those of us who have been both fascinated and mystified by American newspaper accounts of the Wilma Montesi case can now discover —in **"All Rome Trembled: The Strange Affair of Wilma Montesi,"** by Melton S. Davis (Putnam, $5)—that the case of the twenty-one-year-old virgin whose dead, nearly nude body was found on a beach in 1953 is far more fascinating and mystifying than anything we had imagined. Indeed, "All Rome Trembled" not only provides a true-life whodunit of superb quality but brings an eerie feeling of being alive with the medieval Borgias and their mates.

Orgies, drugs, princes of the blood, shapely peasants, unscrupulous adventurers, artists, existentialists, girls of no virtue, all move through the streets of Rome tied somehow to the shadowy Wilma whose double life, if she had one, seemed to have been unsuspected by her humble family. There are also Jesuits, Mafia, ministers of state, police both corrupt and clumsy, and court proceedings so wild as to seem almost Martian. Melton S. Davis, author of the book, is a young American who lives in Rome and loves it. He may have weakened his story by etching the Montesi case against an overall background of contemporary Italy, in chapters headed "The Monarchists," "The Movies," "The Left," etc. Still, the tentacles of the case extend everywhere, and any ground lost by overdoing the background is amply gained by the appearance of a Nero Wolf-ish justice turned-private-eye named Sepe. Sepe's government-sponsored report is here accepted as the ultimate word on the case, but it is to be wished that the author had abandoned objectivity to tell what *he* thinks. The best guess is that Wilma, as undeveloped emotionally as she was well developed physically, died as a result of the same crime for which the Marquis de Sade was arrested in Marseilles. When Sepe and the author reach this possibility, they pull back as if scorched.

But this is quibbling. "All Rome Trembled" is a fascinating excursion into a world of intrigue and Borgia-esque mystery—not necessarily the most wholesome, but pretty good for the age of conformity. The recent acquittal of all parties concerned after a tumultuous trial still does not lessen interest in the book. —A. C.

VERSE

Hellenic Lines Revitalized

"Poems from the Greek Anthology," by Dudley Fitts *(New Directions. 141 pp. Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, $1), is a new translation by an American poet.*

By John Frederick Nims

DUDLEY FITTS starts with an immense advantage over earlier translators of the "Greek Anthology" (the best were J. W. Mackail and Shane Leslie) in his awareness that poetry is less a matter of the *what* than of the *how*. His two predecessors give us clear and graceful statements of the content of the poems; Mr. Fitts, with Jonsonian vigor, succeeds in impressing a form on what he translates, so that his re-creations live with a life of their own—it would be niggling of us to object that it is not always precisely the life of the original.

A syntax ordered toward emphasis, a rhythm that responds emotionally, assonances that link and balance, spacing that leads the eye expertly through its dances—these devices result not in paraphrase but poetry.

> You deny me: and to what end?
> There are no lovers, dear, in the
> underworld,
> No love but here . . .

The ear accepts this without question. But can we imagine hearing from passionate lips, as Mackail would have us, words like "Thou hoardest thy maidenhood; and to what profit?"

Frequently Fitts achieves his vivacity by meaningful rearrangements. Palladas, for example, writes *Rhētora Mauron idōn etethēpea* (lit.: Seeing the orator Mauros, I was impressed). In Fitts's version the fourth word is withheld for several lines, kept cunningly for the emphatic last line:

> Lo, I beheld Mauros,
> Professor of Public Speaking,
> Raise high his elephant-snout
> And . . . give vent
> To a voice whose very sound is
> accomplished murder.
>
> I was impressed.

Similarly in Kallimachos's "Epitaph of a Young Child," translated by Mackail as "Philip his father laid here the twelve-years old child, his high hope, Nicoteles," and by Leslie "laid his great hope, his twelve-year old boy, Nicoteles." Neither takes into account the emphasis of the original which Fitts makes beautifully apparent in:

> His father Philip laid here the
> twelve-year-old boy Nikotelês:
> his dearest hope.

Or consider Fitts's forceful presentation of "Praise of Women":

> Only twice is womankind
> Anything but an affliction:
> [1] in bride-bed
> &
> [2] in the grave.

Here typography does for eye-minded moderns what *tēn mian en thalamōi, tēn mian en thanatōi* did for the ear-minded Greeks. Not that Fitts makes do with scrannel pipes: there is no lack of melody in many such passages as:

> Gently about this tomb wind gently O Ivy
> where Sophoklês lies
> mingle your green with the
> rose . . .

Indeed he is no less successful with the lyrical pieces than with the witty and astringent: no one has come closer to the feeling of Kallimachos's elegy.

When Fitts is less successful, his failing is often due to the unbridgable difference between Greek and English. Simplicity is sometimes lost in expansion; six stark words of Meleager—*en emoi panta gar esti belē*—are dulled into "all your shafts / Have fled unswerving to bury themselves in my heart" and the *athanatos d'ho gamōn* (lit.: immortal the bridegroom) of Rufinus Domesticus becomes "but a god, a god indeed / Is the man whose bed receives you as his bride!" Sometimes Fitts cuts a caper of his own: to Lucian's two lines on beards and wisdom ("Meditation on Beavers") he affixes his exuberant "O lovely Whiskers O inspirational Mop!" Occasionally the captious eye will suspect an opposite fault: probably Palladas's lampooning of an awkward dancer is not clear enough in:

> As Daphnê and Niobeê, pugnosed
> Memphis

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Dances the dance of stock and
stone.

(I prefer Shane Leslie's "he was wooden in the one case and petrified in the other.") And the translator, so resourceful in poetic effects of his own, once or twice fails to transfer such effects from the original. Antiphilos of Byzantium has his Spartan speak *ad imitationem Laconismi.* The English is not pointedly laconic. Or in Asklepiades's poem about the *hetaira* whose cincture bore the golden letters, so dazzling in Fitts's upper-case,

LOVE ME
AND BE NOT ANGRY IF I
BELONG TO ANOTHER

doesn't "belong" sentimentalize the relationship? The Budé translation is franker: "*Aime-moi toute et ne sois pas affligé si quelque autre me possède.*" I fear that Palladas's "Meditation" is forced into righteousness by the sturdy morality of the translator:

Praise, of course, is best: plain
speech breeds hate.
But ah the Attic honey
Of telling a man exactly what you
think of him!

The original is not so meritorious, meaning something closer to: "Praise gets you further . . . but making nasty remarks is a lot more fun!"

Evviva! for Mr. Fitts abundant bay and laurel! But a crown of nettle and stinkweed to the inky-handed pixie who let various errors creep into this handsome, important book!

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 730

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 730 will be found in the next issue.

BLD CAEWO CSCBDP LWC HA

WHGNDBS WXAYB NBC

ODQYBWBNAH.

DPDOCAH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 729

Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.

—JOHNSON.

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Foes of Integrity

"The Birds," by Aristophanes, translated by Dudley Fitts *(Harcourt, Brace. 181 pp. $4), is a new rendering of an ancient drama that ranges from broad Rabelaisian gusto to biting political satire to Utopian fantasy.*

By Paul H. Cubeta

ALTHOUGH written in 414 B.C., soon after a divided Athens had made a total commitment to the disastrous Sicilian Expedition, "The Birds" has an appeal beyond the topical, lashing only obliquely at the traitor, the enemy agent, and the professional informer. The greatness of the comedy lies in its mature and witty poise between reality and fantasy, in an ideal comic vision which can take itself seriously and laugh at itself for doing so.

For Dudley Fitts, as for Aristophanes, "The Birds" is fun. This modern, colloquial translation is, of course, aimed at introducing the comic literary and dramatic genius of Aristophanes to the general reader, but the apparatus of scholarly and critical notes and the index of proper names have a fresh exuberance that Aristophanes would surely have enjoyed. Fitts, moreover, has the imaginative insight to meet the Greek dramatist on his own literary grounds. If Aristophanes wants to play James Joyce and imbed parodies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Hesiod in his bird-jargon, then Fitts obliges with distorted and irreverent echoes of Shakespeare's Pistol, Touchstone, and Macduff, of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Robert Burns, Thomas Moore, and Wallace Stevens. And when it comes to Joycean puns, Dudley Fitts has Aristophanes stopped cold. The battle of Orneai is translated "Gettysbird" with a solemn note that "the Greek name makes the pun inevitable." Tame indeed, though, when compared with Fitts's explanation of how "Hyde Lark" got its name.

These literary games are not precocious mannerisms, for Fitts makes them an integral part of Aristophanes's dramatic and thematic structure. Instead of finding a unifying base in some dubiously allegorical Utopia, Fitts molds a play, not of ideas, but of dramatic voices—human and not so human, bird-like, and divine. The beauty and excitement of this version arise out of his ability to counterpoint a wide variety of voices—gentle, buoyant, crude, arrogant. Such ritualistic scenes as the dedication of Cloud-cuckooland the Beautiful or the final marriage celebration reflect this uniting of an extraordinary multiplicity of tongues: the interplay of vaudeville comedian and straightman, the burlesque rhymes of the bird-celebrants who can't take the new liturgy too seriously—

> Here let our piety devote
> To the blest gods one skinny goat

"Words heighten concepts; words raise a man out of himself," the hero Pisthetairos observes. But the *personae non gratae* in "The Birds" are all professional misusers of language, cheapening it for selfish or materialistic ends: the wordmongering poet laureate with his jingoistic doggerel, the prophet peddling his cheap half-truths, the city planner spouting his technical mumbo-jumbo, and the professional informer dredging up his calculated insinuations. And even the gods lose their dignity and authority when they can do no better than "quiffing gamsel cockitty, gotta tweet tweet." Dudley Fitts's considerable achievement reminds us that Aristophanes, without losing his temper or his sense of humor, has exposed the enemies faced by every writer of integrity in every age:

> And yet we need not roam
> In search of tongues as versatile—
> They twitch for us at home.

MAD WITH WORDS: The appearance of a new poet—the real, distinguished thing—is rarely unmistakable. Have you ever read Keats's first book? Even a great deal of that does not give one pause; except after the fact of what, unforgettably, followed. But I will take the rare risk and bet that America has a new and exciting poet in E. G. Burrows, whose **"The Arctic Tern and Other Poems"** (Grover Press; clothbound, $3.50; paperbound, $1), has lately been published. There may be touches of others in him (why not?) including Yeats and Dylan Thomas, but they are not controlling touches. He is word-mad in his own right and most of the control of this, in stanza and rhyme and meaning, is his own. Love, lust, rebellion, praise, joy—he writes of these matters, but mostly so far he is writing his bundle of words. For them he rapes history, geography, the Bible, mythology, and of course the dictionary. So far he is probably over-dependent on this. He has begun with an embroidered coat. The only question—as to my risky bet—is when and how he will go naked. Auguring well for the future is his balance of sexual-sensual density with intellectual nimbleness. The excitement of a new voice is here, the energy, virility, art that are capable of lyric poetry. —W. T. Scott.

THE HUMAN RACE, PART 3: LeRoy Smith, Jr., in **"The Opulent Citizen"** (Macmillan, $3.50) carries into a third generous-sized volume a scheme of interrelated poems begun in "The Fourth King" and continued in "A Character Invented." Mr. Smith is up to no less than a biography of the human race. Central to this third installment is the theme of the ultimate failure for man of materialistic standards and the necessity, if he is to be saved, of spiritual values. That is all right: we have been there before, many times. But unfortunately Mr. Smith has two strikes on him before he starts.

The first is that such forethoughtedness seems fatal to poetry. The moment poetry avowedly has a Five Year Plan it loses the seeming inevitability necessary to poetry. The second strike is, that while he skillfully plays with unusual rhyme and stanza schemes, Mr. Smith's language tends to unidentifying rapidity, too much versified abstraction, and a general commonplace vacuity. It is unlikely—in poetry anyhow—that determined energy alone can avoid strike three. —W. T. S.

IMMACULATE WIT: In a style rather tame and too well-mannered Howard Moss's poems have as their best reward for the reader their wit, their play of the mind. Sometimes—rarely—this is overt, deliberately vulgar, and at least momentarily funny, as in the "Modified Sonnets" where he abridges into slang some famous poems.

Elsewhere in his new book **"A Swimmer in the Air"** (Scribner, $3) the characteristic tone is a quiet subtlety: "All saviors of the city/Are lit by an unknown star;/Love, terror, pity/Walk where they are./The kings of our great ills/Are dead, yet come to mind/When we fall from small

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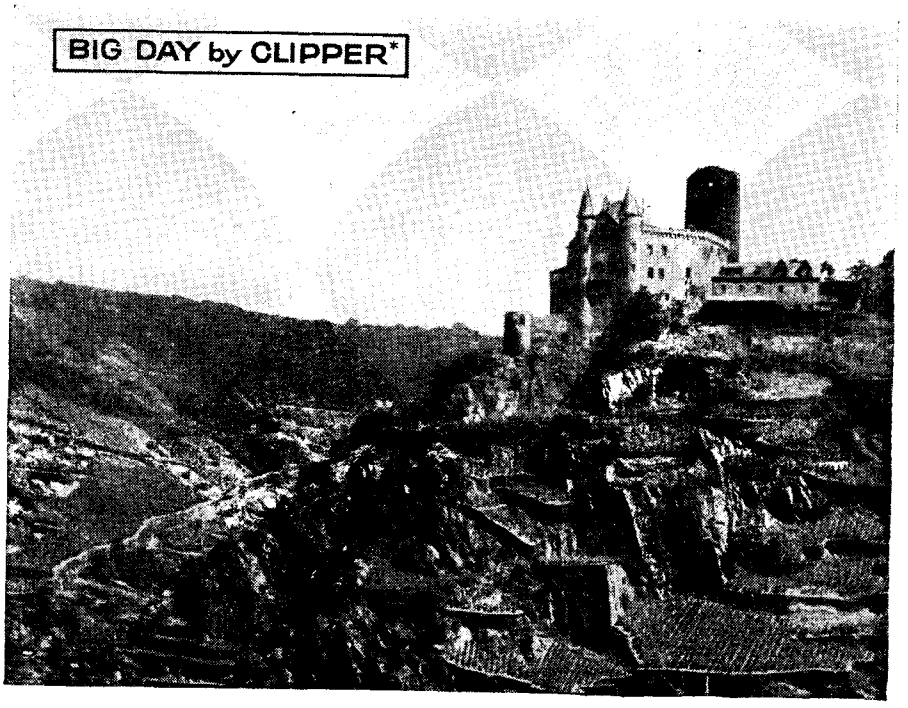
hills/Into the common ground." His control is immaculate but it lacks that tension in control which generally denotes the struggle of personality with art. Many of his poems build the awareness of love, though in autumnal, wintry, passing terms. Perhaps the poem in the book which most involves us is an intellectualized yet moving memorial to Einstein.

—W. T. S.

BRITISH TRAVELER: Robert Beloof, author of **"The One-Eyed Gunner and Other Portraits"** (henny penny press, $2), appears to be an Englishman writing—at least part of the time—in America. The speculation is worth mentioning since his poems of American rural or urban landscape are evidently those of a traveler and suffer from being observed rather than felt. Subjectively too many of his poems are wan with triviality and stylistically they stumble in a jerky ear; his overpresent use of the spondee would seem to be accidental. His best quality is a joyous amorousness touched with wit that makes a few of his poems fun to read: "I packed her hands with rocking ships/with what was left of what was left/of what was left of my damned head." —W. T. S.

LYRIC LINE WITH ELEGANCE: The variety of Lawrence Durrell's poetry includes the personal lyric, the descriptive poem of places and people, and even some randy ballads, and yet his **"Selected Poems"** (Grove Press: clothbound, $3.50; paperbound, $1.25) introduce an English poet whose basic tone is always lyric. That is, introduce to America; these poems are drawn from four published volumes, and there are a few new pieces. His is, in MacLeish's phrase, a "grave and level voice"; yet it is of another American poet, Robert Hillyer, that Mr. Durrell is remindful. Their poems are not in the least interchangeable, but both use the traditional lyric line with a certain elegance which would be banal if it were not for the freshness of language; and since the smooth ear is quieting, never alarming, their personal subtleties are liable to be undetected and unappreciated. One may imagine a merely worn-out traditionalist assuring us that "The Pleiades are sinking"—let's say—"like a god." The Durrell line is "The Pleiades are sinking cool as paint." He has also observed "The light running like fishes among the leaves." Indeed he has observed sharply and recorded freshly many a human and natural glance.

Only the unwary will dismiss it as Georgian poetry; it bears everywhere the required stain of separate personality. —W. T. S.



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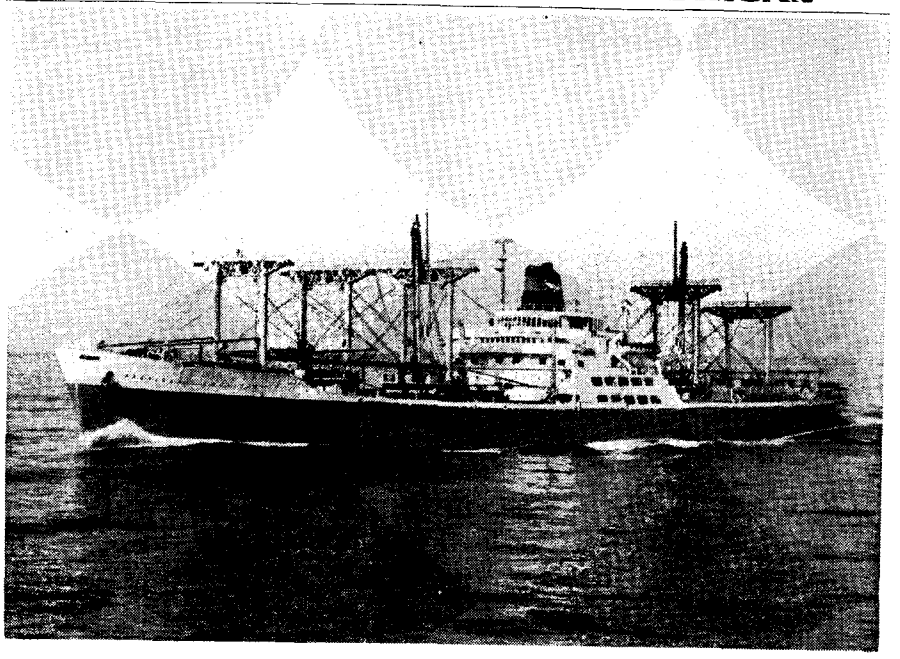

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Inside the Third Reich

"The Labyrinth," by Walter Schellenberg *(translated by Louis Hagen. Harper. 423 pp. $4.95), is the memoir of the S. S. general who became chief of the German Foreign Intelligence Service. William L. Shirer, who reviews it, covered Nazi Germany before World War II for a radio network.*

By William L. Shirer

THE late Walter Schellenberg was the youngest general in the S.S. and at the collapse of Hitler's Third Reich had risen to be the chief of the German Foreign Intelligence Service. He had, as H. R. Trevor-Roper has said, a parochial mind and a trivial character.

To this description I would add, on the basis of a reading of his fantastic memoirs now published as "The Labyrinth," a monumental capacity to delude himself about his great knowledge of foreign affairs, a subject on which he remained colossally ignorant to the end.

The end for this Nazi careerist, who undoubtedly was one of the more decent and intelligent of Himmler's choice assortment of thugs in the top ranks of the S.S. and Gestapo, came in 1949 when he was sentenced at Nuremberg to six years in prison, the court having decided that his guilt was mitigated by his efforts to save the lives of many concentration camp inmates in the last stages of the war when he realized that it was lost. Released from prison in July 1951 because of illness, he took refuge first in Switzerland and then in northern Italy where he died peacefully, in a hospital bed, in March 1952 at the age of forty-two. He spent the last year of his life in writing this book.

It is not an apologia, as are the memoirs of men such as Dr. Schacht and Papen and a host of other Germans who contributed so much to the rise of the Third Reich. Though Schellenberg seems never to have taken very seriously the ideological aberrations of Nazism, as did his revered chief, Himmler, he thoroughly enjoyed his work in the Gestapo, especially the glamorous assignments as counter-spy and secret agent. At one point he exults over the way he had fixed up his office at the headquarters of the dreaded RSHA, the Main Security office, in Berlin. This is the way he describes it:

—International Graphic Press.

Ribbentrop—"imbecile mind."

> My desk was like a small fortress. Two automatic guns were built into it which could spray the whole room with bullets. All I had to do in an emergency was to press a button and both guns would fire simultaneously. At the same time I could press another button and a siren would summon the guards to surround the building and block every exit.

And he tells with unconcealed pride of how when on dangerous missions abroad he always wore "an artificial tooth which contained enough poison to kill me within thirty seconds if I were captured." As a matter of fact, it was just such a tooth—the Gestapo must have distributed them widely—which enabled Himmler to cheat his British captors at the last moment.

The interest of this book lies in two things: a rich assortment of "cloak-and-dagger" stories, some of them so fantastic that they could only have taken place in the loony world of the Nazis; and the picture of the sinister, blood-thirsty world of the Nazi Gestapo. Though Schellenberg is an abominable writer, he has a knack for telling a good spy story and of drawing illuminating portraits of such monstrous characters as Himmler, "Gestapo" Mueller, "Killer" Kaltenbrunner, the sadistic Heydrich, and others who served Hitler so brutally and well.

There are dozens of tales of adventure and espionage and counter-espionage, perhaps the most incredible being the one about the Nazi attempt to kidnap the Duke of Windsor when he was in Portugal. Schellenberg himself superintended the operation on the spot, but the idea sprang from the imbecile mind of Foreign Minister Ribbentrop, who actually believed that the Duke was trying to escape from the British Secret Service and wanted to dissociate himself from the British war effort and—so Ribbentrop told Schellenberg—"be friends with Germany again, as he was before." To accommodate the Duke, Ribbentrop added that he was prepared to deposit in Switzerland some fifty million Swiss francs in his name.

Though I suspect that the author is far from accurate in many of his details—he naturally tries to make himself out as a most brilliant and forthright fellow—he has the merit of confining most of his tales to exploits in which he personally took part and usually led. Such, for example, was the Venlo Incident in which he contrived to drag two British agents, Major Stevens and Captain Best, over the Dutch frontier into Germany under the very noses of the Netherlands guards.

Another fascinating episode is that of "Operation Cicero," the bizarre story of the valet of the British Ambassador to Turkey, who was one of Schellenberg's agents, and who filched from the envoy's safe much intelligence of value to the Germans. Revealing to this reviewer, at least, is Schellenberg's account of Richard Sorge, who was executed by the Japanese as a Russian spy. Schellenberg reveals that Sorge also worked for the Germans and supplied them with vitally important information he had accumulated from Tokyo.

FINALLY, Schellenberg gives an account of his efforts toward the end of the war to win over Himmler to the idea of doing away with Hitler and suing for peace with the Western Allies. Trevor-Roper in "The Last Days of Hitler" has told it better and much more revealingly, but Schellenberg's version is important as a first-hand account of the last ludicrous days of Hitler's thousand-year Reich.

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Himmler's Machine

"The SS: Alibi of a Nation," by Gerald Reitlinger *(Viking. 502 pp. $6.50), is a Briton's analysis of the chief instrument of the Nazi terror. Professor Fritz Stern of Columbia University reviews it.*

By Fritz Stern

GERALD REITLINGER, a British student of modern Germany, has acquired unsurpassed knowledge of the most abominable aspects of Nazism, though his acquaintance with other sides of the regime seems less secure. "The Final Solution," published in England in 1953, is his authoritative account of the liquidation of European Jewry, and his present volume "The SS: Alibi of a Nation 1922-1945" deals more specifically with their executioners, who were in fact the main instrument of the Nazi terror. As Himmler, their leader, said in Kharkov in 1943: "We will never let that excellent weapon, the dread and terrible reputation which preceded us in the battle of Kharkov, fade, but will constantly add new meaning to it."

The S.S. grew from relatively humble beginnings; when Himmler assumed its command in 1929 it was a small, specially selected Praetorian Guard, overshadowed by the far larger number of Storm Troopers. Himmler, obsessed with the dream of racial purity, and resolved to make the S.S. a thoroughbred elite, carefully screened applicants and during the first years of power rejected 85 percent of them. But with power came new duties; the S.S. assumed police functions and organized not only the dreaded Gestapo and the concentration camps, but various intelligence agencies as well. After the Blood Purge of June 1934, the S.S. established and preserved an absolute monopoly of terror in Germany. The war brought an even greater expansion to the S.S., and incidentally a rapid decline of its Germanic purity. Foreigners and "racial Germans" living in occupied countries were pressed into its ranks, and the S.S. recruitment policy inaugurated that vast and unhappy uprooting of Germans from Eastern Europe which ended only a decade later. New terror organizations of the S.S., especially the so-called special commandos, ravaged the conquered areas of eastern Europe. Regular divisions of S.S. troops were attached to the army, and "the final solution" of the Jewish problem was entrusted to the S.S. as well.

Himmler, "that universal crank."

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was a reluctant, remote-control killer, and even in the building of his own empire he spent little passion or energy. The assassination of his vicious assistant and potential rival, Heydrich and the failure of the July 20 conspiracy vastly increased his power. Towards the end of the war the S.S. had become "a state within a state." But Himmler's S.S. was no more cohesive and well-organized than was the Third Reich itself. The different organs of the S.S. followed separate, often conflicting, policies, which Himmler only intermittently directed, and each was in competition with rival authorities, the Army, the Foreign Office, and the six other security services that enveloped Germany with a politically useful sense of insecurity. Himmler was too small and mediocre a man to master his power; in the end only the weak and defenseless—the insane, the Jews, the East Europeans, the nameless hostages—suffered the fury of his machine. The strong were not compelled, and the rival intriguers in Hitler's Empire were not subordinated.

The history of the S.S. is indescribably ugly, and the pictures of their massacres which S.S. troops left behind, and which are here published, make this ugliness more inescapably immediate and concrete. Dealing with such material Mr. Reitlinger could not remain dispassionate, and it is to his credit and to the great advantage of the book that on the whole he writes with restraint. He is, nevertheless, harsh on the Germans, harsh on those who pretend that the S.S. alone was guilty and who thus make it the alibi of the nation. His book shows that the S.S., however, much abetted by other Germans, was the principal agent of Nazi atrocities, and for such atrocities as he relates any nation would stand in need of an alibi.

GERMANY TODAY: The English are so addicted to understatement that even many of their first-rate journalists—of whom J. A. Cole, author of **"Germany My Host"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50) is obviously one—face their readers with the diffidence of a Dickensian clerk. This deceptively modest book is not merely a leisurely traveler's diary but a sharp portrait of a crucial period in a nation's history.

Mr. Cole's chronicle encompasses the country's fabulous resurgence to industrial and political eminence during the following decade, including the "gold rush" set off by the currency reform in 1948—the turning point in West Germany's postwar history. To the author today's Germany is a highly competitive, yet stratified, society with bloated plutocrats, a cocky middle class, and slum dwellers reminiscent of Victorian England. The desire for conspicuous consumption "is the ideal inspiring so much effort, to which German aggressiveness is at present diverted."

East Germany the author discovers to be an even more fiercely competitive society, with deliberate disparities of income. He offers not only an astute analysis of art and the press, but explains why a people no less industrious than its brethren in the West has been reduced to the inefficiency and slovenliness of the Soviet's Eastern European satellites.

—PETER JACOBSOHN.

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USA

What Makes Us Yankees?

***"American Nationalism," by Hans Kohn** (Macmillan. 272 pp. $5), is an analysis, by a student of the nationalism of many lands, of our home-grown version. Professor Walter Johnson of the University of Chicago reviews it.*

By Walter Johnson

OUT OF his long experience as a student of nationalism in many lands, Hans Kohn offers in his new book "American Nationalism" a stimulating exploration of the domestic version and an interpretation of it in the light of nationalism in other parts of the world. Rather than attempt to write a lengthy history of American nationalism, he has focussed his attention on five problems which he considers to be the most characteristic: its origins in the colonial period, its relationship to England, its functioning in a federal nation, its multi-ethnic character, and its position in relation to other nations.

With deftness and insight, Professor Kohn stresses the English idea of constitutional liberty, the limitation of authority, the growth of the spirit of compromise and moderation as determining factors in the growth of our nationalism. These were a great inheritance, but Kohn adds that in America, the traditions of English liberty were blended with unlimited economic opportunity to a degree unknown anywhere else. This blend of liberty and opportunity produced a mobile society, flexible and pragmatic, free from the blighting hand of caste and class. Freedom and the opportunity for all to improve their lot in life, had created by the time of the American Revolution a growing belief that we were a distinctive people. Then, in the nineteenth century, as the nation turned its back on Europe and spread westward to its continental limits, the illusion of our uniqueness grew. That we were fundamentally a different people from the Europeans became a significant aspect of American dogma. But, as Kohn points out, all during this process the United States was actually the frontier land of modern Western civilization, not only geographically, but also "its field of experimentation and fulfillment." A significant aspect of this experimentation and fulfillment was the growth of liberty and the flowering of the belief that it was the American mission to spread liberty to the rest of the world. Another aspect of America as the frontier of Western culture, was the great influx of immigrants, representing many European ethnic strains. Kohn emphasizes that the common faith of immigrant and non-immigrant in liberty and equality of opportunity brought a remarkable degree of unity out of this ethnic diversity. The educational system, with its stress on human dignity, equality of opportunity, community responsibility, and the sense of belonging, Kohn believes, deserves much credit for the cohesion achieved among peoples from so many nations.

In both his discussion of the adjustment of immigrants to American life and the development of the federal system under which central authority and local autonomy were reconciled, Professor Kohn surprisingly ignores the role of the two-party system as a blender of diversities and a moderating influence among the competing forces in American society. Moreover, no discussion of the immigrants' adjustment to America can overlook the fact that politics opened the way to upward mobility faster for some immigrants than any other avenue. In "The Last Hurrah," Frank Skeffington's comment that he chose politics as a career rather than business since he could get to the top faster in politics, has widespread application and meaning for any interpretation of our multi-ethnic nation. Mobility, including political mobility, speeded the adjustment of immigrants to basically English institutions and ideas.

Kohn closes his analysis by tracing the difficulties of American adjustment to the blunt fact that in the twentieth century the nation had to become the leader of the North Atlantic Community. As the most modern and western of nations, the United States, which rarely had viewed itself as one of these nations, was faced with "re-learning which involve[s] the discarding of cherished . . . and illusions . . . irrelevant to the new world situation."

There are many perceptive insights in "American Nationalism." It is refreshing to have a scholar with the humanistic understanding of Kohn and with his breadth of knowledge about European culture analyze American nationalism in the larger perspective of Western thought.

Susanne Langer

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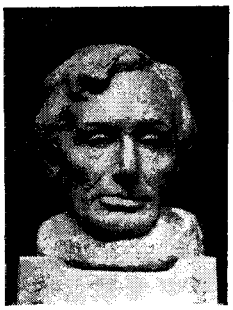

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The Components of America

"Race and Nationality in American Life," by Oscar Handlin *(Little, Brown. 300 pp. Clothbound, $4. Anchor. 262 pp. Paperbound, 95¢), is a volume of essays about the racial and cultural stocks that make up this country. Professor Harvey Wish of Western Reserve University, author of "Society and Thought in America," reviews it.*

By Harvey Wish

AS A SOCIAL historian, Professor Oscar Handlin emphasizes in the thirteen essays which make up his new book "Race and Nationality in American Life" the rich diversity that has made up the American experience. While he is optimistic regarding the progress we have made in learning to live together, he reminds us that the racialist insistence on a forever congealed population pattern is still embodied in our current immigration code and in the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952, which perpetuates the philosophy of the National Origins provision of 1924 discriminating against Italians, Greeks, Eastern Jews, and Baltic peoples on the clear if unstated premise that they are inferior biologically and unassimilable culturally.

Mr. Handlin believes that the origins of racialism are so recent that "we may, in our lifetime, see it run its full course." Hence he hopes that his book, as a historical analysis, may advance an ultimate solution. Perhaps the most valuable of all the essays are those dealing with "The Linnaean Web" and "Old Immigrants and New." The first shows in illuminating detail how scientists on both sides of the Atlantic unwittingly gave aid and comfort to a large and influential breed of racialist pseudo-scientists in the social studies. Out of this wedlock came an arbitrary but plausible racial classification of man that provided grist for the mill of immigration restrictionists and Negrophobes. Mr. Handlin shows what the impact of this type of confused thinking was upon the main stream of American thought. The latter essay is, in large measure, an acute analysis of the Dillingham Report which, drawing heavily upon the new racialist "science" and other peculiar notions regarding the nature of the Southern and Eastern European, provided a rationale for the discriminatory immigration policy of the last few decades.

The change that has occurred in thinking about racialism since the 1930s constitutes, in Mr. Handlin's view, a social revolution. The newer ideas of the social scientists as well as the current prosperity and our shock at the events of Belsen, Dachau, and Maidenek have made possible such advances toward ethnic equality as is embodied in the various local FEPC laws, desegregation, and other gains. Even the McCarran-Walter Act has to be defended, if at all, with non-racialist arguments. Mr. Handlin buttresses his emphasis upon ideological causes of persecution by severely attacking the thesis that prejudice is a primary product of capitalist exploitation. He is less happy in his discussion of such social factors as family instability and sex mores.

When he turns from the immigrant to the Negro Mr. Handlin's argument grows less convincing. He might have explored the "racial integrity" myth of the South and of mid-nineteenth century California (aimed in this case largely at the Chinese) which produced our own Nuremberg racialist laws on intermarriage. To this reviewer at least Handlin's explanation as to the reasons for the greater amount of racist prejudices in the lands settled by Americans as compared to those settled in the New World by the French and the Spanish were less than convincing.

But these reservations should not obscure the real merit of Handlin's contribution in making a most scholarly and readable contribution to a pressing contemporary issue.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ernest Poole. 2. Booth Tarkington. 3. Edith Wharton. 4. Booth Tarkington. 5. Willa Cather. 6. Margaret Wilson. 7. Edna Ferber. 8. Sinclair Lewis (he refused to accept). 9. Louis Bromfield. 10. Thornton Wilder. 11. Julia M. Peterkin. 12. Oliver LaFarge. 13. Margaret Ayer Barnes. 14. Pearl S. Buck. 15. T. S. Stribling. 16. Caroline Miller. 17. Josephine W. Johnson. 18. Harold L. Davis. 19. Margaret Mitchell. 20. John P. Marquand. 21. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. 22. John Steinbeck. 23. Ellen Glasglow. 24. Upton Sinclair. 25. Martin Flavin. 26. John Hersey. 27. Robert Penn Warren. 28. James A. Michener. 29. James Gould Cozzens. 30. A. B. Guthrie, Jr. 31. Conrad Richter. 32. Herman Wouk. 33. Ernest Hemingway. 34. MacKinlay Kantor.

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Books for Young People

—From "Little O."

MANY OF US who believe that children instinctively respond to the best in books—to excellence in literary style and in illustration—were pleased to find expressed in two recent articles in the *New York Times* similar beliefs in regard to films and music for children. Peretz Johnnes of the Museum of the City of New York is convinced that children's taste in films is far more sophisticated than generally conceded, and, in planning his Saturday morning programs for them, draws from a wide stock of art and historical films those that appeal to this high level of appreciation. Samuel Antek, who has programmed "Music for Fun" youth concerts of the New Jersey Symphony and children's concerts for the Philadelphia Orchestra, feels that a children's concert cannot be secondary in quality, that it can not be made of warmed-over tidbits from a previous adult program, nor should one play down to children any more than one would talk down to them. Or—we who work with children and books would add—write down to them. This respect for the intelligence of the child; this recognition that he not only enjoys but prefers, when he can get it, entertainment of quality and integrity; this knowledge that he will read and look at and listen to the best—all these deserve consideration from those who plan children's programs in the mass media.

Reviewers for this issue: Julia Jussim Brody, Bronx Borough Children's Specialist, The New York Public Library; Marjorie Halderman, Supervisor, Public School Libraries and Librarian, High School, Astoria, Oregon; Ruth Hill Viguers, Lecturer, School of Library Science, Simmons College.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

BIANCA AND THE NEW WORLD. *By Tony Palazzo. Viking.* $2.75. This attractive picture book tells the story of Bianca, a white Sicilian burro, and her master, Marco, as they arrive in America as immigrants. There wasn't much for a small burro to do in New York to earn a living for himself and his master. There were no fields to work in and the hard pavement hurt his feet. Small children will love the beautifully drawn black circus horse who became Bianca's firm friend, and they will be happy when this friendship results in employment for Bianca and Marco at the circus.

—MARJORIE HALDERMAN.

THE COW WHO FELL IN THE CANAL. *By Phyllis Krasilovsky. Illustrated by Peter Spier. Doubleday.* $2.75. Hendrika was a well-fed, well-cared-for cow, but an unhappy one, because her life was the same day after day; there was no excitement in it. She heard about the city from Pieter, the horse who took her milk in each morning, and longed to go there. One day she fell in the canal, scrambled up on a raft, and floated down to the city. When she was returned to the farm, she was content to stay, for she had seen many wonderful things to think about.

Mr. Spier's double-page illustrations in color and his black-and-white line drawings accentuate the humor of this picture book and give a fine feeling for Holland, his native country. —F. L. S.

A SONG FOR GAR. *By Jean Merrill. Pictures by Ronni Solbert. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. The combination of delightful story and charming illustrations make this a most distinguished book for children. Absolom, of the scratchy voice, was the youngest brother in a family of six boys who lived in the hill country. Embarrassed and ashamed by his odd voice, Absolom would sing his songs only to his coon, Barbary Allen. By chance the oldest brother, Gar, overheard a song one day and chose to sing it at the contest for a fat purse of a hundred dollars. Of course Gar won the Song Swapping, the purse, and red-haired Camden Pride as his bride.

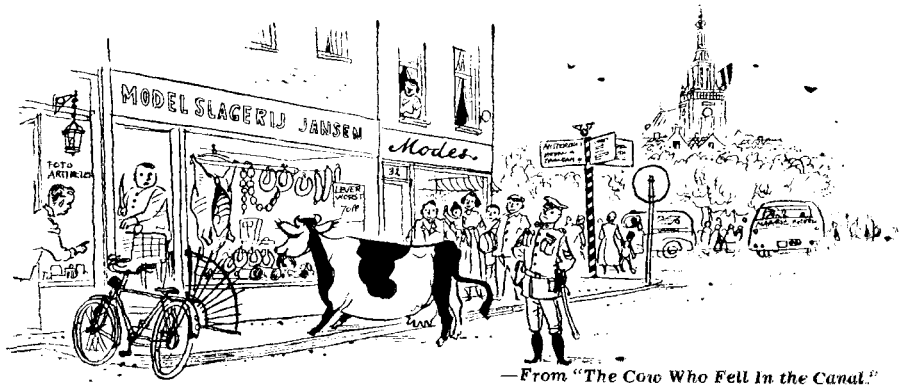
Words and music are included in the book. —M. H.

LITTLE O. *By Edith Unnerstad. Translated by Inger Boye. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. Macmillan.* $2.50. Little O, the youngest Larsson of "Saucepan Journey" and "Pysen," is as susceptible to all kinds of adventures as are her six brothers and sisters. Too old to be treated as a baby, too young to be allowed much independence, she nevertheless establishes her identity as an individual. Louis Slobodkin's line drawings, and the story's humor and depiction of family relationships make this a fine book for beginning readers.—F. L. S.

THE LITTLE MAVERICK COW. *By Belle Coates. Illustrated by George Fulton. Scribner.* $2.25. This is an appealing, easy reading story of a boy and girl living on a wheat ranch in Montana, who find a maverick cow to take the place of their milch cow that has died. There is good background of ranch life, and the depth of children's feelings for an animal and the intensity of their longing to solve the family problems pervades the story in spite of the simplicity with which it is written.

—RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

WILDLIFE CAMERAMAN. *By Jim Kjelgaard. Drawings by Sam Savitt. Holiday House.* $2.75. Here is another entertaining book for young people from the pen of Jim Kjelgaard, this time about a boy who ventures into the wilderness for a summer's experience in wildlife photography-experiences that include tangles with a man-killing bear and a long-wanted poacher. Youthful nature lovers will take to their hearts the unassuming Jase and his dog Buckles. And they will also be drawn under the spell of life far from civilization. Small animals as well as large come in front of the lens of Jase's cameras and amateur



—From "The Cow Who Fell In the Canal."

A fine feeling for Holland."

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—From "Indian Games and Crafts."

Indian sign-language—"for scouting or handicraft groups."

camera fans may learn some do's and don'ts about the art of "shooting" wild animals. —M. H.

KEVIN O'CONNOR AND THE LIGHT BRIGADE. *By Leonard Wibberley. Ariel Books.* $2.75. This fast-moving story is laid in Ireland a hundred years ago when a landlord could turn a tenant farmer off his land with little warning. Kevin O'Connor found himself in trouble when he attempted to resist the landlord who would take his home away, and in trying to escape punishment joined the Queen's army. A cavalryman in a regiment sent to the Crimea, he survived the fateful Charge of the Light Brigade, and recovered the legendary "Foggy Dew" a black opal which had played its part in the destiny of the O'Connor family for generations.

Mr. Wibberley has managed to satisfy both the reader who enjoys a touch of Irish mysticism and the skeptic who wants a practical reason for the outcome of Kevin's fortunes. He has succeeded as well in telling an exciting story with atmosphere and background which could very easily do what he wishes: whet the reader's appetite for such a book as Cecil Woodham-Smith's "The Reason Why." —R. H. V.

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS. *Selected by Helen Ferris. Watts.* $3. The title of this anthology gives no indication of the serious overtones of the stories included in it. They are, as the subtitle says, "stories of love, courage, and the quest for happiness," all have American girls as their heroines, and, being laid in America in the present day, fulfill the reading requirements of many adolescent girls. There is a poignance in all of them, however, which the mature reader, more than the teen-ager, will appreciate, whether the stories deal with the tenderness of young love, the anguish of not being accepted by the crowd, or the bitterness of racial discrimination. A chapter from Jessamyn West's "Cress Delehanty," a story by Langston Hughes, and the dramatic account of "The Lost School Bus" by Mari Sandoz add distinction to a very good collection. —R. H. V.

SAMBURU THE ELEPHANT. *By Robert L. Scott, Jr. Illustrated by Frank Hubbard. Dodd, Mead.* $2.75. This is the story of the realization of the ambition of an American hunter who for twenty-nine years had dreamed of hunting the magnificent elephant Samburu, greatest of all beasts who had become a legend in the African jungle.

For older boys interested in big game hunting Mr. Scott presents the usual account of hardships on the safari, but better than usual are the background and lore of Kenya, of the native trackers, of elephants in general and Samburu in particular. The climax of the story is unexpected but wholly satisfying. —R. H. V.

THE EARTH SATELLITE. Man's First True Space Adventure. *By John Lewellen. Illustrated by Ida Scheib. Knopf.* $2.25. This first book to be published on the earth satellite is an introduction to the "Vanguard Project" for the younger child. Both text and illustrations offer a clear explanation of what the man-made satellite is, how it will be propelled by rocket into space, and what scientists hope to learn from the reports it will transmit about the outer reaches of space. How such knowledge can be channeled to help man is also briefly discussed.

With the launching of the satellite as part of the larger program for the International Geophysical Year, even the young child will be aware of news reporting about the satellite's progress, and here can be found answers to many of the questions he will ask. —JULIA JUSSIM BRODY.

INDIAN GAMES AND CRAFTS. *By Robert Hofsinde. Illustrated by the author. Morrow.* $2.50. The author, whose Indian name is Gray-Wolf, has here collected and painstakingly described fourteen authentic Indian games and crafts which can be reproduced by any boy who is handy with elementary tools. Mr. Hofsinde explains each game, lists the tools and materials needed to make the equipment, draws designs in complete detail and demonstrates each step clearly. This book would be valuable in school and children's libraries and as a gift to boys and girls interested in scouting or handicraft groups. The author's attractive illustrations add greatly to the effectiveness of the volume. —M. H.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE SEA. *By James Fisher. Illustrated. Garden City.* $2.95. Here is the fascinating story of the sea, its mysteries, and something of the knowledge gained through relentless search into its depths. There are four sections, with the first an explanation of the sea's unceasing motion. The second gives the theory of how life evolved from the sea and the varied forms it has taken. The following sections deal with man's attempts to meet the sea's challenge, to navigate it, and to penetrate its secrets.

The text, stirring to the imagination, is complemented by many drawings, diagrams, and maps in color. Some pages are handsome, others somewhat crowded. No doubt a better piece of book-making would have resulted if rougher textured paper had been used.

There is much exciting material in the illustrations as well as in the fine text through which the child will browse with absorption. Some may even be led through it to specialized reading in this field. —J. J. B.

THE TREE OF LANGUAGE. *By Helene and Charlton Laird. Illustrated by Ervine Metzl. World.* $3.50. This lively account of language from its simplest beginnings to the complexities of today should stimulate the reader's interest in *words*. To the child who has already discovered their fascination this book will be fun to read and share. It deals primarily with the Indo-European languages, showing the place of the English language on the family tree, clarifies the beginnings and growth of the English language, even showing how English spelling, which is not so difficult as it might be, has developed.

The section which gives the stories behind a hundred or more words, and the chapter which shows how to find stories behind other words, should make the reader look at his dictionary with new respect and see it as a storehouse of real treasure. —R. H. V.

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Human Animals

Continued from page 10

—a "law of nature." And this is true of many wild birds too, although in the barnyard this law prevails only among turkeys. Dr. Lorenz describes vividly a fight between two timber wolves, and how when the weaker was licked and backed up against the fence he stood rigidly still, turning his head in such a manner as deliberately to expose his throat, the primary point of attack, to the enemy. It was a gesture of surrender, a plea for mercy, and the victor, though he continued to snarl fiercely, was unable to attack. The victim, so long as he held that position, was safe.

This same instinct of magnanimity —so to name it—is to be found among many kinds of dogs. And it is so important a factor in the life-patterns of certain birds that they have special "signal organs" designed to evoke it in an enemy. A turkey cock, when he has had all he can stand of the "wild and grotesque wrestling match" in which these birds indulge, lays himself with outstretched neck upon the ground. Whereby the victor, though he evidently wants to peck and kick at the prostrated enemy, is rendered powerless to do it.

THE property sense, the pleasure in property, the vigorously defended right to own property is a healthy and impetuous instinct extending far down into the animal kingdom. It is this right, most often, that birds are proclaiming when they sit on a high treetop and sing. They are shouting: "These are my real-estate holdings—trespassers keep out!"

Other animals deposit a proprietary scent along the borders of their private estates. The mongoose has a special gland that exudes a tiny spray which he uses for this purpose. If you wipe his markers away with a wet cloth, he will come promptly back and renew them. Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park in Washington, told me this story of his attempt to mate a pair of leopards: He kept them in two cages separated by bars until they had fallen quite madly in love. The male, especially, was both lustful and enamoured to distraction. When, however, they admitted the female into his cage his property-sense overrode both love and lust, and he snarled and struck her dead with one blow from his paw.

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Continual Crisis

Continued from page 15

Junior Chamber of Commerce as a means of actively and effectively backing the public libraries in its members' communities. By May 1957, thirty-three state Junior Chamber of Commerce organizations had adopted "Operation Library" as a primary project, and it is under consideration in other states. While it is probable that the project has been most successful in Arkansas, the positive effect of the Junior Chamber of Commerce has been felt also in South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Utah, Wisconsin, Missouri, Connecticut, Oregon, Nebraska, Washington, and Michigan.

Some of the activities of the Junior Chamber of Commerce include assistance in remodeling library buildings, endorsement and support of legislative bills to establish state library agencies, sponsorship of an institute on reading habits, support of legislation to provide matching funds required by the Library Services Act (see page 14), establishment of a Library Week to publicize library services, and support of state library appropriations.

• During the spring of 1957 the National Book Committee, a nonprofit organization devoted to the encouragement of the wise and wider use of books, announced an intensive reading-promotion campaign, which will culminate in a National Library Week, March 16-22, 1958. The campaign will focus attention on the importance of reading and the value of libraries of all types, from the home library to the public library. The theme for National Library Week is to be "Wake Up and Read." Plans are now being made by the National Book Committee, the American Library Association, the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Children's Book Council, and similar groups, to relate this project to all public libraries through local participation spearheaded by a major national promotional program.

• These and other significant projects affecting libraries are put into proper focus through "Public Library Standards," published by the American Library Association in August 1956. This statement of the goals and objectives of the public library has already proved of great assistance to librarians in their work with municipal finance officers, state legislative bodies, and citizen groups.

• Unhappily the story of the past year is not one entirely of progress. The number of college graduates entering the library profession continues to decline. Library administrators are faced with a shortage of professional librarians in all categories of specialties. While the particular shortage seems to be in children's librarians and cataloguers, the absence of librarians with a sociological and technical background is cause for concern.

In May 1955, Gilbert W. Chapman, chairman of the National Book Committee, said: "Leadership in the United States comes from the people. Thus the great public must contain a sufficient number of individuals, well-educated and of such strong moral and intellectual clarity as not only to be able to discern these qualities in the leaders it elects, but to support and guide their political and economic thinking." The fulfillment of this responsibility is the new challenge to libraries and their friends

"Well—enjoy me!"

Asia

Continued from page 19

original analyses as this of Communist war-making:

> First, in fighting an enemy, the Russian Communists always assess the military situation before determining their own strategy and tactics. . . .
>
> Secondly, the Russian Communists often use indirect warfare against an enemy. . . .
>
> Thirdly, in point of geography, Lenin's strategy of detours has developed . . . in the sense that Soviet Russia is to move from Asia to Europe in her plan of world conquest.

Finally, from his study of geography and strategy, results the conclusion that the Soviet Union will destroy America by a route going "from Peiping through Southeast Asia, southwest Pacific, Australia, New Zealand, to Central and South America." To forestall the Communists, he must be rearmed for an assault on the Chinese mainland because "to save mankind from a major calamity, the only way is to substitute a local war in East Asia for an all-out world war, and to fight a war with conventional weapons instead of a war of annihilation with thermo-nuclear weapons."

It is the sincerity of this book that reflects one of the chief problems of our diplomacy.

In Chiang, we have had for twelve years the most submissive and dependent tool of our global diplomacy, a dedicated anti-Communist. But the base of his power has lain since 1945 in Washington, not in China which shrugged him off, or in Formosa, whose restless people have recently demonstrated passions apart from Chiang's.

Wherever we stand, or seek to enter, in the yeasting Afro-Asian world men such as Chiang Kai-shek pose the ultimate problem of our statecraft—how to pick and choose effective partners for America's destiny across the seas. Always our choice is between those who can be bought to our will whatever the effectiveness of their internal leadership, and between those prickly and difficult allies against Communism whose power rests upon effective control of their own people and an understanding of the modern world. Chiang's final plea is that the only criterion for committing the American people to war in support of a foreign ally should be that ally's loyalty to America—however incompetent or ignorant he be.

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GENUINE ALASKA NATIVE CARVED IVORY. Fine gifts priced $3 up. For list write air mail to Robert Redding, Barrow, Alaska.

BANISH NOISE with NODS Ear Stopples and sleep undisturbed! Goodyear Airfoam, wax-tipped, guaranteed. Three pairs (four-month supply) $1 postpaid. NODS, 186 Fifth Ave., NYC.

PLEASANT, ATTRACTIVE, French-Irish woman, journalist and writer with world-wide newspaper experience, offers services to writers and playwrights. Box B-401.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS. Spectacular color and action. Splendid for den or dormitory. Full size, 1¾'x3½'. Two for $1.98. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

ENGLISH GIRL, graduate, 18, requires summer position companion children or elderly person. Willing travel. French, cultural interests. Box B-927.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

TRANSLATOR, TYPIST, EDITOR, English, Italian, Spanish, French, German, former resident of Rome, seeks position in Italy. P.O. Box 404, Wellfleet, Cape Cod.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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NEW 1957 SUMMER EDITION of "Caribbean Vacationlands" only $1. An authoritative 128 page book with full color pictures and detailed information of each island. Recommended by Caribbean Tourist Association. Check or money order to Caribbean Vacationlands, 353 East 53 St., NYC 22.

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TARA, Stamford, N. Y. Vacationland of the Western Catskills. Lovely accommodations . . . Deliciously prepared American cuisine . . . All outdoor sports . . . congenial, informal crowd. $45 weekly.

RUSTIC CABIN RETREAT, family appeal. Folder: FENIMORE, R.D. 1, Cooperstown, N.Y. Teacher's Discount.

FELLOWSHIP HOUSE FARM, Pottstown, Pa., R.D. 3, offers Vacations with Purpose in beautiful Penn-Dutch country. Write Registrar for dates and rates of Family Workcamps and Conferences on Human Relations for Young People and Adults.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont. The Mastertons.

SPRING AND SUMMER ON farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Mass. in the Berkshires. New filtered pool, HiFi, Anthony Toney free art classes, Tanglewood. Phone NYC, TRafalgar 3-5261 or Lenox 367.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, Hi-Fi. $77 to $97 weekly. DEwey 9-5730 (NYC).

YES, WE'RE RIGHT ON A LAKE and only 4 miles from Tanglewood. Holiday Inn on Laurel Lake, Lee, Mass.

WOODHOLME in the Adirondacks—a unique lodge located on Seventh Lake. Good home-cooked food. American Plan. $50 to $54 per week. Write R. W. Keough, Box 357 S, Inlet, N. Y.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2,000 feet high midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; Luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N.Y. Informal Adult Resort. Concert Trio. Folk-Square Dances. Crafts. Tennis. Golf. Motor Boating. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach. Beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10 A.P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

ARE YOU LOOKING for rest and relaxation with opportunity to perform or listen to music against the background of the lovely Tyringham Hills in the Berkshires? Swimming Pool and Tennis and easy accessibility to the Tanglewood Concerts, Jacobs Pillow Dance Festivals and Summer Playhouse at Stockbridge. Send for brochure. Braebrooke, Tyringham, Mass. Phone Lee 1060.

MOTORING IN ENGLAND? Village inn provides bed and American breakfast (including juice and freshly ground coffee) 14s.6d. ($2.05). Beer and spirits (vodka martinis anyone?) served during those odd English "licensing hours." Burton, Half Moon Inn, Stoke-under-Ham, Somerset. Near Taunton, Wells and Glastonbury.

OPPORTUNITY for cultured, mature man, woman or couple to spend summer in famous small Vermont mountain resort. Room and meals in exchange four or five hours daily assisting with lawns, garden and front office. Guest status. Write fully including personal references. Box B-938.

SECLUDED LAKESIDE RETREAT: Enchanting deep woods, good music, fine food, usual resort sports. Congenial, relaxing, unique! Rustic Lodge, cottages, cabins. Tanglewood nearby. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species) loving peace and quiet, cliffs and sea, forest and moor. Ten miles at sea, the stars for streetlights, the wide horizon beyond all desire. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 15. Advance reservations necessary. Booklet D?

Chamber musicians and artists, beginners to professionals, live, play, work among Vermont's Green Mountains at the GODDARD MUSIC AND ART CENTER with professional musical-artistic staff. Painting, ceramics, jewelry; ensemble groups with strings, woodwinds, piano, voice. Fourth year. July 7-August 25. $55 weekly. Write Box S, Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

BACHELOR INFORMALITY. Secluded Adirondack farmhouse. Private pool. Trout stream. Painting, photography. Low rates. Box B-432.

INTERLAKEN INN — A charming resort on most beautiful lake in Berkshires. Incomparable swimming, golf, tennis, etc. Open to October 14. Colored brochure. Write Box 422, Lakeville, Conn.

ARROWHEAD LODGE — EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL. Social, folk, square dancing, clay tennis courts. Sports. Informal. DEwey 2-4578 (NYC), Ellenville (NY) 502.

NATURE-LOVERS' RETREAT. Swiss cottages at 4,000 foot elevation commanding matchless panorama of Great Smokies. Rosemount, Balsam, N. C.

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WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, relax amid scenic splendor, charming alpine hostelry, Epicurean food. South Londonderry, Vermont.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N.Y. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Ideal for creative work, loafing, recreation. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

MUSIC INN at LENOX MASS. Close to Tanglewood and Hector Berlioz. Adjacent to Music Barn and Gerry Mulligan. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

FIRE ISLAND, Davis Park—Beach Cottage, sleeps 6. Available July, August. CLoster 5-3034 M (N.J.).

50 MINUTES GRAND CENTRAL, last of three small rustic cottages, suitable couple; 40-acre private woodland, swimming pool, river view. $550, now to October. CRoton 1-3421, or Holbrook, Lex. 2-7450.

COUNTRY PLUS SEASHORE. Delightful hilltop house on private estate. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, oil heat. Now through October. $2,000. Box 213, Sagaponack, L.I. Bridgehampton 2-0409.

MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN COTTAGE 70 miles NYC. Amid towering pines and unbelievable scenery. Ultra-modern cottages, new conveniences, huge swimming pool, brook. Parents with children 10-14 particularly desired. $300 season. Write Molnar, Box B-932. Phone ED 4-4261.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LOVELY VIRGINIA CONTEMPORARY HOME with trout stream and 20 acres, reduced to $37,500 (was $52,000). 70 miles from Washington D.C. between Warrenton and Skyline Drive. 4 double bedrooms, 2 tiled baths, 40' pine-paneled living room, fireplace, baseboard heat, indirect lighting. Additional acreage available at minimum cost. For free illustrated leaflet SR-60407R ask PREVIEWS Inc., 49 East 53 St., New York 22, PLaza 8-2630, or 1518 Walnut St., Philadelphia 2.

MARY CALLERY, SCULPTOR, wishes sell three-acre Long Island property, 55 minutes from center Manhattan. Two houses, one including perfect studio. Each complete in itself. Full kitchen equipment in both. Fireplaces. Garage and storage shed. Panoramic windows. Raised terrace. Beautifully kept grounds. Complete baths in both. Whole property $65,000. Studio house and 1 acre, $35,000. Mary Callery, R.F.D. 2, Huntington, N.Y. MYrtle 2-6633.

ARIZONA. Cradle of the Sun near Sedona, Arizona. New home designed by internationally known Egyptian architect. Shangri-La setting in ideal year-round climate. Built of native stone to contour of land. Picture windows framing breathtaking views. Harmoniously furnished. Dramatic fireplaces; all electric kitchen, circular terrace overlooking creek, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, spacious living room. Close to heart of Indian country, art colony, Verde Valley School. Sale price $65,000. $500 per month on yearly rental. Box B-925.

BAY SHORE, O-CO-NEE. This charming Dutch Colonial is the perfect setting for the discriminating home seeker. 100 x 250 landscaped trees. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, large living room, dining room, well-equipped kitchen, laundry, pine den, screened porch, 2 car garage, hot water oil heat. Near village but exclusively residential. Beach rights. $40,000. Owner. BAy Shore 7-5376. Box B-945.

CHARMING 3-4 BEDROOM, modernized, country farmhouse, buildings, 140 acres, scenic Vermont hilltop. Bethel-Randolph area. Ideal summer home writer (we wrote 5 books here), academic family. Easy drive Dartmouth library. $15,000. Vilhjalmur and Evelyn Stefansson, Box 382, Hanover, New Hampshire.

SUMMER REMODELED SCHOOLHOUSE, southern Vermont, rolling land, 2 miles from hardtop road. $5,400. Box B-936.

ARTIST DELIGHT. Beautifully designed 2-acre "Alpine" country home, 47 miles NYC. Large living room, picture window, huge fireplace, suspended terrace overlooking lovely view with lake for swimming, etc. Come see! Agent, Box B-920.

1778 COLONIAL 2 hours from New York. Historical Society specimen. Fireplaces, brick oven, loom, etc., but with all modern conveniences. 10 rooms, 2 baths on completely landscaped ¾ acre on hard surfaced road between Woodbury and Litchfield, Conn. $33,000. Box B-923.

MAINE. On Friendship Long Island, residence of 10 rooms, 1½ baths, guest cabin, barn. 38 acres, level field for small plane landing. Private dock. Furnished and equipped. Details on request. James W. Lyons, Damariscotta, Maine.

PEACE AMONG MOUNTAINS. Drive through pines to a Swedish cottage in clearing. Unusual. Central New Hampshire. Box B-926.

SPACIOUS AUTHENTIC COLONIAL on busy main highway, vicinity Brewster, N.Y. Ideally suitable for conversion outstanding antique shop. Write for details. Agent Box B-922.

10-ACRE HILLTOP PARADISE, 50 miles NYC. Breathtaking view. Artistic contemporary home. Top location. Ideally suited for doctor (separate spacious suite) or other professional and family. Reduced price for quick sale. Terms and details on request. Agent Box B-921.

For Rent

SHARON, CONNECTICUT. 6 rooms, $60 month, furniture optional. Box B-947.

APARTMENTS TO SUBLET

NYC. Furnished 2-room apartment. July-August. $75 month. Box B-941, TRafalgar 4-3798.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any of the wedge-shaped pieces of which an arch is built.	25 153 183 113 118 72 102 76
B. A rebel, not necessarily recognized as a belligerent.	58 67 151 144 112 23 38 177 68
C. Square cloth used as a scarf.	9 5 96 170 89 13 129 122 66 146 198
D. Mischievous.	2 199 162 194 109 175 100
E. Peevishly.	106 99 172 85 182 90 127 48 141
F. Followed by Word Q, spendthrift of funds one hasn't had to work for (2 wds.).	139 97 145 147 75 161 88 154
G. Justly deserved (comp.).	57 47 4 91 128 176 22 185 110 155
H. Produce of the earth or profits of other property.	156 120 65 143 171 83
I. Solitary.	125 173 107 116 84 46
J. Any esculent vegetable.	126 73 193 149 63 104
K. Where Germany of the Kaiser's day wanted a place (3 wds.).	111 138 28 53 24 159 8 43
L. Describing an easy-cut sports dress (comp.).	169 6 108 33 115 39 16 93 3 86
M. To fool or trifle.	157 50 31 10 202 94
N. Moaned, sighed like the wind.	117 119 1 32 152 158 61

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. To a regrettably excessive degree (comp.).	121 148 36 168 77 142
P. Affectedly endearing.	60 189 81 123 45 21 191
Q. See Word F (2 wds.).	70 80 95 160 35 131
R. Infringement of athletic rules.	164 41 181 49
S. Valuable material for cabinetwork.	203 137 27 133 11 135 195 101
T. Contrarily dressed to those Shakespearean dead who did "squeal and gibber in the Roman streets."	18 196 74 29 166 26 188 14 178
U. In the first place (Lat.).	186 201 37 184 62 103 42 20
V. Sandbank in the Thames marking division of River from Estuary (2 wds.).	59 69 197 34 54 150 19
W. Equipped for normal vision (comp.).	71 92 192 64 179 55 82
X. Undue precipitancy.	163 190 105 79 187 165 52 132
Y. About something in particular (3 wds.).	15 56 167 180 44 114 30 134
Z. Ripe; warmed by liquor.	136 87 130 17 174 51
Z¹. A rock consisting of feldspar crystals embedded in a compact purplish groundmass.	40 12 200 78 7 124 98 140

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 N	2 D	3 L	4 G	5 C	■	6 L	7 Z¹	8 K	9 C	10 M	■	11 S	12 Z¹	13 C	14 T	■	15 Y
■	16 L	17 Z	18 T	19 V	■	20 U	21 P	22 G	23 B	24 K	■	25 A	26 T	27 S	28 K	■	29 T
30 Y	31 M	32 N	33 L	34 V	35 Q	■	36 O	37 U	38 B	39 L	■	40 Z¹	41 R	42 U	43 K	44 Y	45 P
■	46 I	47 G	48 E	49 R	50 M	51 Z	■	52 X	53 K	54 V	55 W	56 Y	■	57 G	58 B	59 V	60 P
■	61 N	62 U	63 J	64 W	65 H	■	66 C	67 B	■	68 B	69 V	70 Q	■	71 W	72 A	73 J	74 T
■	75 F	76 A	77 O	78 Z¹	■	79 X	80 Q	81 P	82 W	83 H	■	84 I	85 E	86 L	87 Z	■	88 F
89 C	■	90 E	91 G	92 W	93 L	94 M	95 Q	■	96 C	97 F	98 Z¹	99 E	100 D	■	101 S	102 A	103 U
104 J	105 X	■	106 E	107 I	■	108 L	109 D	110 G	111 K	112 B	■	113 A	114 Y	115 L	116 I	117 N	■
118 A	119 N	120 H	■	121 O	122 C	123 P	124 Z¹	125 I	126 J	■	127 E	128 G	■	129 O	130 Z	131 Q	132 X
133 S	■	134 Y	135 S	■	136 Z	137 S	138 K	139 F	140 Z¹	■	141 E	142 O	143 H	■	144 B	145 F	146 C
■	147 F	148 O	149 J	150 V	■	151 B	152 N	153 A	154 F	■	155 G	156 H	157 M	158 N	159 K	■	160 Q
161 F	162 D	163 X	■	164 R	165 X	166 T	167 Y	■	168 O	169 L	170 C	171 H	■	172 E	173 I	174 Z	175 D
■	176 G	177 B	178 T	■	179 W	180 Y	181 R	■	182 E	183 A	184 U	185 G	■	186 U	187 X	188 T	189 P
■	190 X	■	191 P	192 W	193 J	194 D	195 S	196 T	197 V	■	198 C	199 D	200 Z¹	201 U	202 M	203 S	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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